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Contents

The Week 339

Editorials

If Not Arbitration, What?..... 341
Italy's Economic Nationalism..... 342
Is the Censor Coming?..... 344

General Articles

The Crisis in China.....Grover Clark 346
Consumers in Wonderland—III.....
.....Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink 348
Portrait of a Philosopher.....Mary M. Colum 352
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 355
Saturday's Children and Trelawney.....
.....Stark Young 357
A Number of Things..... 358
The Greatest Show on Earth....Alexander Fried 359

Correspondence 360

Reviews of Books

Two Views of Whitehead.....
..Henry Nelson Wieman and Dickinson S. Miller 361
Crashing Thunder.....Lewis Mumford 363
The Fleeting Soul.....Genevieve Taggard 364

The Week

AFTER three years of uncomfortable wriggling, Congress seems about to pass the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill in its revised form. The farm bloc has made a deal with the bankers' bloc, by which prompt consideration of the agricultural bill is exchanged for prompt consideration of the McFadden branch banking bill; and the support for farm relief has become so strong politically that probably a majority of the Senators and Congressmen will not dare vote against it, whatever their private convictions. Though the New Republic has consistently expressed doubts concerning the McNary-Haugen type of legislation, it would regard the passage of the bill at this juncture with some favor. There is no question that the majority of farmers need relief, and that this is the measure for relief which they want. If it should be successful, it would furnish an approximation to economic justice. Therefore the farmers are entitled to have it tried, and a representative government which is coming more and more to represent an association of group interests would not be functioning well if it refused to allow the trial. If, as we fear, the measure proves to be difficult and cumbersome to administer, and tends to defeat itself by encouraging production, the farmers will be convinced by the result as they cannot be convinced by argument. In the meantime, their attention and energies, which have been obsessed by the effort to push through this measure, may be released for other enterprises which we regard as more promising. Though trial and error is a wasteful method of social education, it is better than fixation on a grievance.

COOLIDGE is undoubtedly wriggling and squirming more even than Congress, at the prospect of having to decide whether or not to veto the measure, which in person and by proxy he has often denounced. He could not sign it without abandoning a position of the most complete opposition, for the burden of the administration objection, expressed with force by Secretary Mellon last year, is that the McNary-Haugen proposal for export dumping would be an unjustified subsidy to the farmers and foreign consumers, at the expense of the rest of the American population. He could not sign it without offending the tariff-privileged manufacturers, since protection to all is protection to none. He could not sign it without incurring the annoyance of northeastern farmers, who will object strenuously to payment of "equalization fees" in support of a measure whose benefits they do not concede. On the latter account, the administration forces in Congress are trying to substitute a bill without the fee. But the President cannot veto the measure without strengthening immeasurably the Lowden boom, and consolidating against him the midwestern farmers. It may be that he really does not desire a third term, or that he will veto with a gesture of boldness which may call forth compliments to his supposedly rugged courage. But this course would at the best be a choice of the lesser evil.

AS WE go to press the news from China is contradictory and confused. The political developments of the near future depend upon the outcome of the military operations which still remain doubtful. The Nationalist army has won since last August an almost uninterrupted series of victories, but its

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difficulties necessarily increase as it occupies new territory. Nobody can say whether or not its successes will continue without interruption. If they do continue, the immediate political problem of the western powers in China, while bristling with difficulties, will be simplified in form. The Cantonese government will have to be recognized as official, and negotiations undertaken with it alone. On the other hand, if the Nationalist army should be checked and the fighting prolonged, Great Britain and the United States will either have to continue their present hesitating and double-faced policy or else they will have to bet on the triumph of either one of the factions. At present, Great Britain is trying without much success to negotiate with both factions and to prepare at the same time both for war and for peace. The United States is benevolently neutral, but more neutral than benevolent. Mr. Coolidge has had dangling before his eyes a rare opportunity to win the gratitude of the Chinese Nationalists by recognizing the rightness of their cause and by giving to them a helping hand in their hour of struggle and need. Unfortunately, he has not understood what was taking place, and he has done nothing about it. If he continues to be neutral and to play safe, it is entirely possible that in the end he will alienate nationalist China. It must be remembered that the Chinese Nationalists, if they ever do become the official government of their country, will have the same racial grievance against the United States as has Japan.

A RESOLUTION introduced into the Senate by Mr. Frazier seeks to ward against the danger that while Congress is not in session the President may take action in Mexico which will commit the country to a warlike policy. The resolution points out that the power to declare war is by the Constitution reserved to Congress, that armed intervention or punitive expeditions have in the past led to serious complications, are regarded by foreign peoples as invasions of their rights, and are in effect undeclared war and thus violate the spirit of the Constitution. It therefore declares it the sense of the Senate that the President should not send armed forces into Mexico, or mobilize on the Mexican border, or send warships to Mexican waters, while Congress is not in session, but that if he contemplates such action he should immediately call a special session and communicate to Congress his reason for acting. The President, of course, would be under no legal compulsion to obey such a resolution. Nevertheless, its passage by the Senate might be valuable in emphasizing the danger and in expressing the fact that if the President by indirect means brings war with Mexico nearer, he will be assuming a politically dangerous responsibility.

THE Mexican government has recently performed one act of good faith for which it has not received sufficient credit. After some hesitation, it authorized the payment in New York of over $12,000,000 for the purpose of meeting the interest, due January 1, on its public debt. This act assumes that its quarrel with the American government will be settled without any appeal to coercion. It was a large and hazardous assumption for the Mexican government to make. If President Coolidge should bring about a diplomatic rupture between the two countries, President Calles could maintain himself in power only with difficulty, and his gravest difficulty would consist of lack of funds. The ability to dispose of sufficient exchange to purchase 12,000,000 United States dollars might mean all the difference between success and defeat. Yet he took the risk and paid. In doing so, he was only acting as the chief of an honest nation, but it must be remembered that success in politics is not always compatible with honesty. When a government is dealing with an adversary which, in substance, is accusing it of dishonesty, it would be only human if it lived up to the accusation.

THE McFadden banking bill, consideration of which the farm bloc has conceded in return for consideration of the McNary-Haugen bill, is calculated to alter in an important respect the national banking structure. Under the present law, a national bank cannot have branches outside the city in which it exists. This provision was adopted to prevent the development of banking monopolies or quasi-monopolies, such as exist in Great Britain, Canada, and other modern states. The complaint of the national banks behind the bill is that state banks are allowed to have branches and thus have a competitive advantage. There are real benefits to be secured from large-scale banking. Small, local banks, particularly in agricultural districts, are likely to be weaker in resources than a branch of a large institution. Recent bank failures in the West and the South emphasize this point. And there is no assurance that the local bank is any more considerate of local interests, or any wiser in its policy, than branches would be. In fact, more intelligent management and a wider basis of risk might lead to lower interest rates in rural districts. Under private bank ownership, any benefits of branch banking must of course be paid for by taking the chance of monopoly control. But credit policies are already pretty well centralized, and the way out for modern civilization seems to be, not to conduct a futile struggle against large-scale operations, but to direct those operations in the interests of the community.

RADICALLY different as are the moral and physical conditions of victorious France and defeated Germany, they are alike in one important respect. The national welfare and even safety of the two peoples depends upon their willingness to walk an extremely straight and narrow path, which demands costly sacrifices on the part of their peoples and unusual popular self-control. After many years of

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hesitation and rebellion, they have both come to realize that they must watch their step with the utmost care, if they are to avoid disaster, and they have both forged coalition governments which represent the more patriotic political groups. France, under the premiership of M. Poincaré, has apparently made real headway in meeting her problems. She now has earned some chance of escaping from the financial abyss and of making herself independent of American financial dictation. We sincerely hope that the good appearance will not be falsified, and that when she is ready to sign an agreement with the American government, she will not be obliged to pay a franc more than she is willing to pay. Germany, also, seems to have provided herself with a government of national concentration, which also rests on a coalition of the more patriotic parties. Participation in such a government by the nationalist groups means, on their part, the suppression for the indefinite future of their latent monarchism and chauvinism. Germany is coming to find, as France did in 1872, that a republic, whatever its disadvantages, may not only be the form of government which divides a nation least, but that it may be the best form of government with which to liquidate the errors and sins of monarchy and empire.

WHAT the peoples of France and Germany, organized into republics, have braced themselves to do, is to recognize the grim facts of their condition and environment and to govern themselves in the light of this recognition. That they should have shown enough collective intelligence to recognize such disagreeable facts and enough self-control to act on them will, we hope, persuade some of the sceptics that democracy is not such an obsolete form of government as they have recently cracked it up to be. The political ability of any self-governing community is measured by its understanding of those acts which it has to perform for its own welfare and its willingness to perform them. Judged by this standard, democratic republics such as France and Germany are behaving better than party dictatorships such as those which exist in Russia and Italy. The British people have not as yet recognized all that they must do in order to meet the needs of their empire and to prevent their social system from disintegrating, but they appear to be moving in that direction. Among the prominent democracies it is only the most powerful and the most complacent of the lot, the people of the United States, who are thoroughly deluded about the realities of their collective life. They still confuse class prosperity with social welfare, legal rigidity with political stability, conservatism with the refusal to entertain necessary adjustments, and the ideology of a pioneer agricultural democracy with the cultivated propaganda of an industrial autocracy. The day will come when the United States, like Great Britain, will have to redistribute economic power in order to avoid social disintegration. It looks as if, when that day does come, the vested interests will be so completely intrenched in the fundamental law that nothing less than a convulsion will blast them out.

If Not Arbitration, What?

THOSE American citizens who, as the result of the recent agitation in favor of a pacific adjustment of the dispute with Mexico, have expected the administration to move in that direction, have so far been disappointed. If any proposal which looks towards a settlement by agreement is being considered, no intimation of it has leaked out. To all appearance, the status of the negotiations has remained unchanged since the President informed his fellow-countrymen that he was opposed to arbitration. But if not arbitration, what?

The New Republic explained two weeks ago why President Coolidge shies away from arbitrating the dispute. He has assumed a position which, whatever its virtue as a matter of national policy, is extremely doubtful as a matter of international law. He alleges that the Mexican land and oil legislation confiscates the property of citizens of the United States; and he demands in substance the repeal of the law. He is not willing to accept on behalf of his fellow-citizens the payment of any damages which could be proved in lieu of the repeal of the law. A Court of Arbitration would be more likely to vindicate claims for damages, if they could be proved to exist, than it would to back up a demand for the restoration to the oil operators of their former titles. From the beginning, the State Department's case against Mexico was based on the assumption, in the event of a stubborn contest, not of the propriety of arbitration, but of the justice of coercion. For the United States had recognized the present government of Mexico on an express understanding that the titles to oil properties should remain in every respect unimpaired, and Mexico has deliberately impaired them. It is, so Mr. Coolidge claims, consequently an untrustworthy government. It has provoked and deserved the withdrawal of that benevolent support which, in 1923, on the basis of the violated understanding, the State Department extended to President Obregon.

The arbitration of the dispute would, consequently, be equivalent to a surrender by President Coolidge of every cherished strategic point in his present position. He would, by seeking a judicial settlement, renounce the grievance which in his opinion justifies him, if necessary, in the use of force to punish and destroy the present government of Mexico. How can he, consequently, propose the submission of the dispute to an international court? Conceivably, pressure of public opinion might force his hand, but the friends of arbi-

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tration, notwithstanding their initial success, have not as yet overcome his scruples. Nor are their prospects good of locking the door against coercion until the unruly horse has escaped. Mr. Coolidge is in a better position to wait than they are. He does not need to move until, in the course of administering the law, the Mexican government commits some act which he can represent as tantamount to confiscation. By that time Congress will presumably have adjourned and Mr. Coolidge can, if he then pleases, put into effect a policy of coercion without any annoying interference from the Capitol. He can order a diplomatic rupture with Mexico, and appeal to his fellow-citizens to support him, on his favorite pretext that any lack of support would encourage Mexican resistance, which might lead to war.

If he does break with Mexico, and if, consequently, war becomes a nearer possibility, the good citizens who think that President Coolidge is more wrong than right in his attitude will find themselves in a quandary analogous to that of the English pro-Boers in 1899. They may have to assume the responsibility and inconvenience of opposing their own intolerant government in waging war. They would have to choose between the disagreeable alternatives of giving aid and comfort to the enemies of their country, or of failing to resist highly questionable violence on the part of their own government. They should consider now, consequently, whether there is not some third course which President Coolidge might prefer either to arbitration or to coercion.

There is, we believe, such an alternative. It is one which does not always succeed, but it has frequently been called in—sometimes with conspicuous success. It is the setting up of a joint commission of conciliation with one or two presumably impartial members who would be asked to explore the controversy and report on the law and on the facts and to recommend a settlement. The proposed settlement would not, of course, be binding on either government. But it would be hazardous and costly for either government subsequently to ignore it. Mr. Coolidge could not with any self-confidence fall back on coercion, if the recommendations of the impartial members of the commission implied a lack of justification for employing it. On the other hand, if the recommendation were favorable to his own contentions, it would probably be unnecessary to invoke coercion. Mediation of this kind might save the faces of both governments. It offers a better chance of being accepted than arbitration, and for that reason it erects the most effective practicable obstacle to coercion and war. Once the alternative of coercion is eliminated, the parties to the controversy will soon iron it out. The oil operators would have settled with the Mexican government long ago, had they not expected to obtain better terms by exploiting the superior force of the United States.

Italy's Economic Nationalism

DEFENDERS of Mussolini's régime have justified it as an effort to consolidate the nationalist movement begun by Mazzini and Cavour. Whether or not it deserves this dignity, there is no doubt that it is characterized by an extreme and assertive nationalism, and that this tendency, like that of most preceding liberal governments, embraces the effort to make Italy self-sufficient not merely as a political but as an economic unit, producing as much as possible of what it must consume. Mussolini has carried further and made more self-conscious than any previous régime in the history of United Italy this effort toward exclusive economic nationalism, and the future of his government, in a peculiar way, depends upon his success in it. An objective analysis of his chances is therefore basic, if we are to understand future Italian events.

An extraordinary opportunity to assess these chances is afforded us by Dr. C. E. McGuire of the Institute of Economics in Washington, through his new book entitled Italy's International Economic Position (published by the Macmillan Company.) This is a thorough-going study, unconcerned with political or social attitudes except as they affect economic affairs. Toward the Mussolini régime it appears, indeed, unduly sympathetic, giving it at every point somewhat more credit than a wholly impartial study of historical events might warrant. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to see the economic facts as Dr. McGuire pictures them, without concluding that any Italian government pursuing the main objectives which Mussolini has in view is doomed. It may be granted that the Fascists are pursuing them with great efficiency and despatch, and yet the more efficient is the pursuit of an impossible objective, the more conclusive will be the demonstration of failure.

Italy's forty millions live upon an area whose agricultural product is insufficient to feed them, though nearly a third of the total over 10 years of age are engaged in tilling the soil. They require a net surplus of imports of wheat flour amounting to between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 tons annually, according to the size of the native harvest, of corn meal between 100,000 and 500,000 tons, of barley flour, sugar, beef and fish in smaller quantities. Minor foods such as potatoes, fruits, chestnuts, vegetables, dairy and poultry products they raise in sufficient quantities to export, but the value of the agricultural exports is nowhere near sufficient to pay for the imports.

Countries like Great Britain or Germany, in a somewhat similar situation of excess of population over food supply, rely to a large extent on manufactures sold abroad, to pay for the surplus of food imports. Italy has spared no efforts to build up her mechanical industries. Yet these industries have to subsist upon a much poorer material basis than does Italy's agriculture. There are within the kingdom

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no appreciable deposits of high-grade iron, coal or non-ferrous metals. There is no oil. Forests are largely depleted. Italy's chief mineral resources consist of sulphur, a limited amount of nitrates, and building stone, such as marble and granites. Sulphur is important, but new processes of nitrogen fixation and new building techniques are rapidly robbing these last of great commercial value. Cotton and wool have to be largely imported for the textile industries, though much silk is grown, and wood is at hand for rayon. Water power has been extensively developed for hydro-electric generation, but is so far from supplying the requirements that in 1925 Italy imported 10,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, 700,000 tons of anthracite and 300,000 tons of coke. These figures do not include some millions of tons received from Germany in reparation payments. Fuel coal for Italian industries costs half as much again as for competing factories in northern and western Europe.

Thus manufacture is hampered, in the attempt to create sufficient value to pay for the essential food imports, by the necessity of securing both raw material and power abroad—which add to the total of imports—and by its high costs, which make foreign markets hard to win and to keep. The result is a net deficit in the balance of trade, of long standing. At its lowest period since the foundation of United Italy, 1876-1880, this "unfavorable balance" averaged 117,000,000 lire annually. The growth of manufacture apparently enlarged it, rather than the reverse, because while it fluctuated up to 1905, never going above 450,000,000, it jumped to 1,077,000,000 lire per year in 1906-1910 and 1,064,000,000 in 1911-1914. The War, of course, expanded it by leaps and bounds, the gold value of the trade deficit averaging nearly five and one-half billion lire annually, 1915-1919. After 1920 it shrank again, but it has never gone down to the pre-war level, being 1,576,000,000 gold lire in 1925. Apparently it now has a rising tendency.

An "unfavorable" balance of commodity trade is not so unfavorable in fact, as Great Britain has shown, if the balance of payments is tipped the other way by compensation for services. Such services include the lending of capital and credit, commercial transactions at a centre of trade routes out of which profits are earned, shipping charges, insurance fees and the like. Italy has never had any surplus capital to lend, but on the other hand has borrowed extensively to develop her industrial life. She is no longer, as she was during ancient and mediæval days, at the centre of important trade routes. The result has been that the balance of payments of interest, profits and commissions has flowed out of rather than into her borders, and has added to her trade deficit large amounts of outgo, which averaged 175,000,000 lire in 1911-1915, 250,000,000 lire (gold) in 1915-1919 and sums in 1920 and after which shrank below the war peaks but probably reached their minimum in 1924 at 190,000,000 gold lire, somewhat above the pre-war level. The war debt settlements with Great Britain and the United States (as long as not revised) plus the large private borrowings based on them, are bound to enlarge these payments materially as time goes on.

Shipping services Italy does render to other nations, but not to anything like the extent necessary to strike a balance. Two credit items which bulk larger in Italy than in the case of any other nation form the principal, though insufficient, offset for the surplus of goods and services she buys abroad. These are remittances from Italians in other countries (including the capital brought back by returning emigrants) and the expenditures of tourists. The emigrant remittances averaged about 450,000,000 lire annually before the War, and the expenditures of tourists approximately the same. During the War the remittances increased and the tourists' expenditures fell off, but the total of both remained approximately constant. In 1920 the returning Italians brought a large sum with them, but in subsequent years the amounts have tended to fall away, while tourists' expenditures have not increased much.

Altogether, Italy has never, except for a few years after 1901, been able to finance her activities without continued enlargement of her foreign debt, both public and private. This is the final measure of her economic deficiency; and as the foreign debt grows, it contributes to that deficiency.

The problem is aggravated by the rapid growth of population. The birth rate is unusually high (29 per thousand in 1921-25). While it has been falling, the death rate has been falling even more rapidly, due to the conquest of disease and better standards of living, so that the excess of births over deaths is 440,000 a year or, roughly, 11 per thousand.

Emigration, of course, relieves the situation in two ways—first, by removing from the slender basis of Italian economy the burden of supporting those who leave, and second, by enlarging the stream of remittances which are derived from the emigrants' work abroad. But the lid is rapidly closing down on emigration. The United States has restricted it by law; the Argentine and Australia are offering less and less opportunity; Europe cannot absorb much surplus population. In fact, the bulk of recent emigration has consisted of entire peasant families going into southern France, whence they do not send any payments, and to which they take silk-worm production.

So far, we have been outlining obstacles which have been facing other governments as well as Mussolini's. What has he done to escape them? He has attempted to reform and stabilize internal finances, with some degree of success. Yet the increased efficiency of taxation leaves the proportion of the national income going to the government larger than in any other nation of the world—20

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percent. If we allow $50 annually as the per-capita minimum of subsistence, taxes take 38 percent of what is left. Though he has balanced the budget, he has not stabilized the exchange, which is still threatened by the adverse balance of international payments, and is especially likely to suffer, following the deflation which will accompany restoration of the gold standard.

Mussolini has done everything he can to energize agriculture, without splitting up the large estates—a measure which in itself would not necessarily stimulate production. By increased use of fertilizer and improved methods, yields may be slightly enlarged. By expensive irrigation and drainage projects, the cultivated land may be increased from 46.9 percent of the total area of the country to perhaps 50 percent. Both means of increasing product can be used only on a scale of diminishing returns for the funds expended. Meanwhile, the imposition of food tariffs raises the price to the consumer. Agriculture is handicapped, too, by the flow of population to the industrial cities and by the tariffs on manufactured products which, if free trade existed, might be bought more cheaply abroad. No encouragement of agriculture can possibly reduce materially the amount of foodstuffs which have to be imported, so long as industry is artificially stimulated at the same time.

Colonial adventures, expensive and unprofitable to former governments, seem to have a peculiar fascination for Mussolini. Italy's colonies are almost entirely unproductive and do not offer attractions to Italian settlers. Enormous expense would be required to enable them to grow much of anything which Italy needs.

Though Dr. McGuire does not refer to the fact, the Mussolini government has peculiarly close relations with the iron and steel industry, which is largely parasitic in the sense that it would probably disappear without tariff protection. High tariffs for manufactures of all sorts are an essential part of the nationalist program. In a country with rich natural resources, tariffs may subsidize the development of industries which would be profitable and efficient in any case. They may attract foreign investment which ultimately produces native accumulations of capital. But in Italy, where basic resources are absent, high duties can only handicap those industries which could exist without protection, and which must in consequence of the protective policy pay more for their materials and machinery. And they can only handicap agriculture, and aggravate the scarcity of native food supply and the foreign trade deficit.

Mussolini has preached the doctrine of hard work, of industrial peace and coördination, of efficiency. Apparently he conceives Italian man-power to be the great resource of the nation. The best that can be said for this policy is that it furnishes the only possible basis for Italy's economic nationalism. If Italian labor will be content with a low enough standard of living, with long enough hours and with hard enough work, it may be just possible for Italian industry to gain and keep export markets and to diminish the trade deficit. Narrow margins of profit will of course be necessary also. Will national economic unity be worth enough to successive generations of Italians so that they will be willing to make heavy material sacrifices for it? In the case of the United States, or even of Germany before the War, protection did not involve too heavy a sacrifice, because of the comparative richness of basic resources. In Italy the mercantilist theory is receiving its test extremely close to the margin of subsistence. It would be a miracle if it could work at all under such conditions. Certainly, the attempt to succeed in it requires all the élan with which Mussolini can fire his countrymen.

Finally, if Italy is to support her population, she must moderate protective policies at home and everywhere else, she must at all costs maintain peace, and she must encourage the free movement of peoples throughout the world. This is virtually equivalent to saying that she must try to fit herself into an international economy rather than attempt to make herself a self-sustaining economic unit, and that she must also abandon the aggressive aspects of political nationalism. It is equivalent to outlining a policy which Mussolini obviously is not following, and one which he could scarcely follow and maintain himself in power, though failure to follow it will probably end in disaster. The Mussolini régime may therefore come to be regarded in history as the logical extreme of nationalist economy, and as the supreme example of its failure.

Is the Censor Coming?

THE theatre, and that disease of journalism known as the tabloid press, have for the last year or two been skating on some of the thinnest ice in our history. It was evident that sooner or later they would put their foot through, and now they have done it. The Peaches and Daddy case is by several degrees the farthest point south in sordid smut, and The Drag, frankly advertised as "a homosexual comedy-drama" (and most vividly described in the February 2 issue of Variety), is several miles below the not inconsiderable dirt already achieved by the commercial stage. Good people, as well as people ready to stand for a great deal in the cause of freedom of expression, are up in arms. Many of them, who would violently have opposed any kind of censorship a year ago, seem ready to accept it now. A censorship of plays and newspapers could, at the present boiling point of public opinion, quite conceivably be brought into existence; once at work, it could be abolished only with the greatest difficulty.

The theatre is properly alarmed, and has been doing its best to patch up and revarnish the play-

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jury system. Put into effect to forestall an earlier threat of censorship, it was faulty in organization and it lacked efficiency. This we do not much regret, unless we consider the possibility that a more thorough system might have made today's outcry for censorship less insistent. The jury has put no plays out of business, it has merely suggested changes in a few—the inevitable result in a body on which men are allowed to serve who do not believe in such a jury at all. The plays they let off under the light sentence of emendation would surely have been stopped by a censor altogether, with small loss to art or posterity, but great damage to a rather vulnerable principle. The play juries may be provided with teeth, or the producers may appoint as house censor a Will Hays of their own. Between the Actors Equity and the associations of managers and playwrights, the theatre has within itself sufficient organization to "clean up" if it wants to, and every time it is menaced with censorship it wants to very badly.

The shreds of solidarity which make it seem quite likely, as we go to press, that New York theatre owners will agree not to give The Drag a home, and the comparatively severe self-respect of medicine and the bar, from whose ranks erring members are being constantly thrown out without recourse to law, simply do not exist in journalism. Though the Graphic was easily the worst offender, pretty nearly all the newspapers put into the Browning mud-pie if not their whole fist, at least a finger or two. The Daily News, first of the tabloids, easily their leader in circulation and by comparison with them almost dainty, was engagingly frank. "We don't claim 100 percent purity," it says editorially; it freely admits that it "went too far in reporting the Browning case, just as several others did," and it puts the matter in the following nutshell: "As long as some publishers insist in dishing out the ultimate dirt, other publishers will go in the same direction in order to hold up their end in the competition of the New York newspaper field." What is the News's moral? That the line must be drawn somewhere, provided their nearest competitors draw it first. But the News suggests a curious location for the line. "We believe it was proper to publish full details of the Hall-Mills case. That was a case of what might be called nice, clean crime. The Rhinelander case was important because it turned on the important question of inter-race marriage. The News does not apologize for having covered that case with its biggest guns." But it does apologize for its publication of "the rot for children's imagination to gnaw on" of Peaches and Daddy. When the next semi-unprintable sex trial comes along, it will again unlimber its biggest guns, and again breezily apologize for them afterwards.

Both the World and the News ask, If censorship for the stage, why not for the press? The stage comes first, in the popular mind, because it has always been suspect in this Methodistic land, and the press has only recently become so. The people who guard our morals, if they thought quantitatively, would let the stage alone and bend their energies to the press. The theatre is expensive, it has a comparatively small circulation, and it is frequented by people the vast majority of whom are adults, and also, presumably, morally immune. The tabloids are read by hundreds of thousands of children, whose curiosity will consume sex filth as eagerly as sex enlightenment. Does the greater danger require a high-handed remedy?

The problem of sex must be solved by the newspapers themselves, as part of the whole problem of their function in society, and the answer to the question, How far can smut go in the news? must be answered along with the no less important questions, What right have newspapers to destroy private happiness with scandal? To what extent are they justified in filling their public's mind with nonsense? Should they encourage our thirst for details of crime and violence? Have they any business to feed, by heavy advertising of non-essentials, our headlong acquisitiveness? Until the newspapers, or we their readers, decide whether they are a public utility or a private speculation, and work out a professional code of ethics, no less necessary than that of doctors and lawyers, the question of sex in their columns cannot be satisfactorily solved.

In any event, censorship for the stage or the press is thoroughly undesirable. It does not work, it suppresses the good as well as the bad, it is almost invariably stupid and always many years behind the times. In the theatre, it forbids much that is sincere, and allows much more that is indirectly, disguisedly, prettily lewd. It will stamp out an O'Neill and approve a leg-show. In the press, a censorship of sexual morals will inevitably extend to political ideas, the more unusual of which can affect a certain kind of mind much as obscenity affects it. Fortunately, the theatre, and to a lesser degree the press, are as opposed to a censorship of themselves as we are. They may do something about it. We hope so.

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The Crisis in China

STRIKING developments in the readjustment of relations between China and the rest of the world, along essentially new lines, have crowded close on each other's heels in recent weeks. So far-reaching in their implications are these changes that quite possibly the historians of the future will refer to late January and early February of 1927 as the definite birth-period of a new world order—an order in which the peoples of the East and of the West will work together in mutual friendship and equality at the stupendous task of creating a new world civilization, to contain within itself the best from the West and the East. Or, if developments take the wrong direction, events in these weeks may prove to have turned the relations between East and West definitely toward mutual and bitterly distrustful antagonism.

These past few days have seen the United States and Great Britain, with kaleidoscopic rapidity, making official statements of policy which seem at first sight to embody radical changes of front in dealing with China. The same few days have seen acts by and pronouncements from leaders of the two main factions in China which appear to indicate a sudden readiness to drop factional domestic differences, for the sake of unity in dealing with the foreigners.

All this seems surprising because of its apparent suddenness. Yet these specific acts are simply the logical results of forces which for years, running into decades, have been at work in China and among the western nations.

For years it has been obvious to close observers of developments in China that, in due course, a vigorously assertive and nationwide demand would develop for the removal of all the treaty-created restrictions on China's full freedom, and that a place of equality would be demanded for China among the nations. Just when that demand would come, and in what form it would find expression, it was impossible to foretell. But that it would appear and would be overwhelmingly insistent has been increasingly clear as the years have gone by. Recent events have been simply the crystalizing of these slow changes.

The development of the attitudes of the West toward China has been equally clear. Formerly, the treatment of China by western peoples was shaped by a mixture of frank desire for economic or territorial expansion, and a sincerely disinterested "big brother" belief in the duty of the West to carry "the white man's burden." Underlying both attitudes, there was an unquestioning assumption of western superiority, tempered by little, if any, recognition of essential equality, and equally little appreciation that China's contribution to the West may well be as great as the West's contribution to China. But recognition of this last truth has been growing steadily in the West. The preponderance of influence, as between the old and the new attitudes, was certain to shift before long. The only question was whether that shift would come in time—before Chinese national self-consciousness had turned definitely to bitterness against the West because of what seemed to it the West's unwillingness to change its attitude.

The flowering into effectiveness of Chinese nationalism, and the turn of the balance of influence in the West, have occurred within very recent weeks. At the moment, there seems to be a period of slack water between tides—of uncertainty on both sides as to just what the next steps should be. Britain and the United States are both stating their readiness to revise their treaty relations with China —and at the same time are sending additional armed forces to China. The Chinese Nationalists are declaring their readiness to settle the problems of relations with foreigners on the basis of mutual justice—and simultaneously, mobs of Chinese are violently attacking foreigners and foreign property.

Obviously, the situation is extremely delicate. Any act by the foreign troops which goes, in the slightest degree, beyond the clearest self-defense, will rouse a furious storm of anti-foreign feeling throughout China. Any act by the Chinese Nationalists, or even by mobs which the Nationalists properly should keep in control, which resulted in loss of foreign life or even serious damage to foreign property, would cause a strong reaction in the West against continuing the friendly moves which have been started.

In this critical situation, and in order that this present splendid opportunity may not be lost, it is vitally necessary that the wise and moderate people on both sides of the Pacific should assert themselves. Americans and Britons who sincerely wish to see justice shape western relations with China should make themselves heard in no uncertain terms. Chinese, whether resident in China or elsewhere, who desire to see their country given a friendly welcome into equality among the nations, should put forth every effort to prevent further mob attacks on foreigners in China and to support the settlement of the differences between China and the powers in a spirit which will emphasize the word *mutual,* as well as the word *justice.*

A tremendous responsibility rests on the friendly-minded, on both sides, to make certain that the present opportunity for laying solid foundations for future peace and constructive coöperation between the East and the West is realized to the full. They

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must so act as to insure that this opportunity be not lost through ill-judged and hasty acts of nervous or irritated individuals among either the Chinese or the foreigners.

I am convinced that the great mass of the people on both sides of the Pacific want peace and full, mutual, fair dealing. I am equally convinced that the responsible authorities on both sides are now moving rapidly toward the specific realization in revised or new treaties of the basic principle of mutual equity and reciprocity.

But there is still real danger that some untoward incident may result from a sudden flare-up of irritation or racial misunderstanding, which will turn the scales, in their present delicate balance, sharply back toward the old mutual distrust and ill-feeling.

It is an established principle of law that the terms of a contract should be carried out until that contract has been altered by mutual agreement of the parties to it. In their official relations with China in recent years, the western powers have given much emphasis to this principle.

It is, however, an equally well established principle of law that no matter how mutually fair the terms of a contract may have been originally, its terms should be changed when material changes in the condition of one or the other of the parties make the terms no longer just. This principle has been recognized by the western powers, and particularly by the United States, at various times in the past, when there has been revision of treaties with China.

Within recent years, conditions in both China and the West have changed materially. The time is more than ripe, therefore, for equally far-reaching changes in the treaty-contracts with China.

Whatever their domestic differences, the Chinese are strongly united in their demand for such treaty changes. The United States and Britain both have declared their willingness to make fundamental changes in the treaties. All that remains, as far as the United States is concerned, is for the negotiations of the new treaties actually to begin.

There is every reason to believe that were the President to ask China to appoint negotiators, Chinese delegates, duly accredited and really representative, would be chosen promptly. But even if they were not, were such a request made the position of the United States would be clear, and the responsibility for delay in opening the negotiations would then be squarely upon the Chinese.

The specific next step—a request from the President for Chinese negotiators—should be taken promptly. No change in the American government's policy would be required, nor even a new statement of its present policy. The sole need is for a clear-cut and specific act to give concrete renewed expression, *now* and in relation to the present situation in China, to the policy which the United States, in the main, has followed in its dealings with China, and which so recently has been reaffirmed by the Secretary of State in his redefinition of the American attitude toward China. In taking this specific next step, there is no doubt that the President would be acting in accordance with the wish of the American people.

That wish has found expression in the Porter resolution, calling on the President to propose to China the negotiation of a new set of treaties "to the end that henceforth the treaty relations between the two countries shall be upon an equitable and reciprocal basis." The leading American business interests concerned with Chinese relations, speaking through the Executive Committee of the American Asiatic Association, have approved the proposal in this resolution. The Foreign Missions Conference of North America, the General Board of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States, and many other religious groups and individuals interested in China, have gone on record in support of the resolution. A large number of leaders in the development of better cultural relations with the Far East have voiced strong endorsement of the need for a complete revision of Sino-American treaties on the basis laid down in the Porter resolution. The press of the United States, with marked unanimity, has declared itself in favor of new treaties of the kind called for. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, after full hearings, has recommended the resolution for passage by that body. The Secretary of State has told the American people that the American government "is ready now to continue the negotiations on the entire subject of the tariff and extra-territoriality or to take up negotiations on behalf of the United States alone."

The next stone to be placed in this rising tower of constructive statesmanship is the specific request to the representative of China with whom the State Department now is carrying on relations regularly —the Chinese Minister in Washington—that Chinese delegates be named to negotiate with representatives of the United States.

Already much has been done to shift the balance toward friendliness and away from antagonism in the relations between China and the powers. A request to China for negotiators, made promptly by the United States, will heavily weight the scales on the right side. The United States is in a better position than any of the other powers to take the initiative in entering into negotiations with China looking toward complete treaty revision, because, as things now are, the United States alone can take this initiative, without laying itself open to the charge of being ready to deal fairly with China only after it had been frightened into a desire for fairness.

There has been enough talk of good intentions. The time has come for action.

GROVER CLARK.

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Consumers in Wonderland

III—What We Get for Our Money When We Buy from Quacks and Venders of Cure-Alls

In my youth, said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling a box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.

THERE are five human desires which may be capitalized by the quack to his own great profit. If astutely managed, there are millions in easy money to be won from each. Millions have been won from each; millions are now in process of being won.

The desire for wealth
The desire for worship
The desire to be sexually attractive
The desire for power
The desire for health

The first is typified by the oil stock swindler, or if you prefer, by certain aspects of the Florida land boom. The second is typified by the prophets who arise from time to time amid the cow and corn states. The third is typified by the great "Lost Manhood" drives; by much of the activity of those preparations which keep us "clean and sweet"—free from unpleasant odors, with shining white teeth and gleaming hair and the skin one loves to touch — and by most of the strength-building institutes which, with their cuts of mighty biceps, make such an appeal to anæmic clerks. The fourth is capitalized by those shrines of learning which undertake to teach us how to enthrall an audience in ten easy lessons, or to command the admiration of our associates by a course in personality building. The fifth is the realm of consumption and cancer "cures" where, by drinking the contents of the magic bottle, we may escape from all the ills that man is heir to. It is proposed to devote this article to consideration of what the magic bottle contains.

First, a word as to the legal status of the industry. We think of the output generally as "patent medicines." Strictly speaking, only a very few of the nostrums are actually patented. A patent medicine, in the legal sense of the word, is one whose composition is *not* secret, in that it must appear fully set forth in the patent specifications at Washington. Furthermore, in seventeen years it becomes public property. This procedure is altogether too explicit for the gentlemen who sell us nostrums. Nearly all the remedies on the market are not patented, but are "proprietaries"—which means that the inventor keeps the formula to himself (except in so far as a certain very limited class of poisonous or narcotic ingredients must appear on the label, pursuant to the Pure Food and Drugs act), hunts up a name with good selling appeal, and gets that name registered or trade-marked at Washington. The name then becomes his property for all time. He may change the formula or process as often as he likes, but his proprietorship in the name remains intact. Some of these names—such as "Peruna" or "Tanlac" have been worth, in their time, millions of dollars. Anyone can make a mixture, but it takes great sums spent in advertising to impress a name upon the public to the point where it becomes second nature to call for the mixture that goes with the name. Despite these legal distinctions, we shall follow the American Medical Association in terming all nostrums "patent medicines." This is how they are known in the vernacular, and there is no great necessity for trying to change the term.

The consumer of "patent medicines" has his specific sources of protection. The federal government has given him the Pure Food and Drugs act; the American Medical Association is untiring in its analyses of the composition and selling methods of nostrums. Before these champions entered the field—in 1905 or thereabouts—there was literally no limit to the mendacity of the advertising, the viciousness of the formulas, the baby-killing, habit-forming, constitution-wrecking character of the industry. In the last twenty years the change for the better has been marked.

The federal Pure Food and Drugs act says that no "false or misleading statements" shall appear on the label, or on the doctrinal matter which surrounds the package. The law does *not* apply to advertising matter apart from that on the package. There is no federal legal limit to the false and misleading statements which may appear in newspapers, magazines, almanacs, dodgers and billboards. As patent medicines are bought primarily by virtue of non-package advertising, the protection is thus more nominal than real. The act provides that eleven drugs or their derivatives shall be stated on the label if they form any part of the ingredients of the package. These drugs are: alcohol, morphine, opium, cocaine, heroin, alpha-eucain, beta-eucain, chloroform, cannabis indica, chloral hydrate, acetanilid. Further than this, the manufacturer may maintain complete secrecy regarding the composition of his preparation. Lastly, the act covers only interstate shipments of drugs. If a New York manufacturer confines his sales to his own state, he can snap his fingers at the federal law. (There are, however, state laws

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of varying degrees of excellence and enforcement, to care for intra-state traffic.)

It is only too plain that the federal law, and most of the state laws, for that matter, provide merely a beginning. An enormous amount remains to be done before the consumer can be said to have adequate protection. The American Medical Association is doing heroic work in attempting to bridge the gap. But there is need for a great amplifier to give its reports a thousand times their present volume. If it be objected that it is to the economic interest of the orthodox physician to expose the quack, a little reflection will lessen this suspicion. The quacks, through their advertising, spread a great pall of fear over the country. Have you a little pain in your back? — look out for Bright's disease! Have you a neglected cough? — look out for consumption! This artificially created fear drives the victim into the doctor's office as well as into the drug store. How about this pain, Doctor? And a perfectly healthy man pays a needless fee. Again, the self-dosing practices encouraged by the nostrum vender sometimes result in very serious consequences, which require the services of a reputable physician sooner or later. No; were the physician's attitude toward patent medicines prompted by commercial considerations, he would say to the pill industry: "Go the limit! The more victims you get, the more patients will be driven to me!"

In buying soap and shoes and sealing wax, the consumer has at least trial and error to help him. In buying patent medicines, trial and error is largely suspended, and for a strange but simple reason. The great majority of people who fall sick recover in spite of the therapeutics involved. Nature, fortunately for the human race, and altogether too fortunately for the patent medicine manufacturer, has laid down that law. *Seven out of ten will recover regardless.* You are sick; you drink a few bottles of Pep-o-sene, and pretty soon you are well. Ergo—as plain as the nose on your face—Pep-o-sene has cured you!

Let us look through a volume of Nostrums and Quackery, published by the American Medical Association, and take a mine run of its contents. The following cases are based entirely on the official publications of the Association.

Dr. Kebler, Chief of the Division of Drugs at the Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, analyzed "Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer." He found it to contain: thyroid gland, poke root, toasted bread. Before the Food and Drugs act became operative, the nostrum was sold under the claim that the tablets were not a drug, but a *food,* and that they "turned fat into muscle." Both statements, according to the American Medical Association, were unequivocal falsehoods. Further, "that the prolonged administration of thyroid gland will sometimes bring about a marked reduction in weight is true, but its use even under skilled medical supervision is fraught with danger."

Here is "Marmola," another fat reducer, made in Detroit. It held out the hope of taking off a pound a day—a "safer way of reducing cannot be imagined." Analysis disclosed thyroid, together with other drugs. The thing was far from safe. But observe what happened. After the disclosure by the American Medical Association, the formula was changed. Cascara was substituted for thyroid —thus making "Marmola" a simple laxative, with no fat-reduction qualities at all.

Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, director of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association, has recently summarized the situation in the fat-reduction field. "It can be laid down as a broad principle that all 'obesity cures' come under one of two classes: those that contain thyroid extract and will actually reduce weight, but are exceedingly dangerous, and those that do not contain thyroid and will not under any circumstances reduce weight." Among the latter, the Doctor names:

> La-Mar Reducing Soap ("This thing is unadulterated hokum.")
> Dr. Folt's Soap
> Form-O-Youth
> Melto Reducing Cream
> Slendaform (which "would reduce the national debt just as effectively as it would reduce the weight of an obese person.")
> Silph Chewing Gum ("the latest fake in the line of fat reduction." "Just think," says the advertisement, "all one has to do to take off ugly unsightly rolls of fat is to chew two or three pieces of refreshing, delightful chewing gum.")

Here is "Sanatogen," a few cents' worth of casein reared through the eloquence of advertising to pinnacles unspeakable—a "gift from the Goddess of Health."

Laboratory analysis showed that one dollar's worth of wheat flour contains as much energy as one hundred and ninety-seven dollars' worth of Sanatogen. The stuff is roughly the equivalent of cottage cheese. For one dollar the consumer received 332 calories of energy in Sanatogen; for the same dollar spent for cheese he receives 11,850 calories; and for wheat, 65,400 calories.

While we are on the subject of chemistry, regard "Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy"—for indigestion, gases in the stomach and intestines, dizziness and fainting spells, colic attacks, torpid liver, constipation, yellow jaundice, appendicitis, and gall stones. "This remedy painlessly removes these accretions without surgical operation, takes out inflammation from the entire intestinal tract and renders the same antiseptic." Analysis disclosed that this Benefactor of Mankind was composed of the equivalent of a dose of olive oil followed by a seidlitz powder. Chemical affinities being what they are, the combination will raise a crop of

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pseudo-gall stones in any stomach every time it is administered. "As the amount of sodium found was in itself more than sufficient to account for all the combined fatty acids, it is probable that the masses [which the sufferer observed in his stools] consisted essentially of free fatty acids and soap." The benevolent Dr. Mayr had turned the solar plexus into a miniature soap factory.

Here is Mrs. Potter's "Walnut Juice Hair Stain," manufactured in Cincinnati. The laboratory found that the active principle of the dye was a phenolic compound—an anilin derivative, conforming to the test for paraphenylene diamin. The poisonous qualities of the latter have long been known. Altogether, thirty-two cases of poisoning are listed as a result of the specific use of Mrs. Potter's concoction, with names, addresses, dates, and the reporting physicians. The dye does not depend for its action on walnut juice.

We note Ralston's "Acme Diabetic Flour." Starch is dangerous to sufferers from diabetes, and it is the absence of starch we pay for in a diabetic flour. The preparation contained 71.4 percent starch.

We note an alphabetical list of 235 "booze medicines"—alcoholic preparations sold under proprietary names as medicinal products. "As a matter of fact, the amount of medicinal agents—aside from alcohol—contained in these 'bracers' is so small as to be negligible."

Albert Mathieu, a French physician, years ago conducted an experiment. He had a number of patients suffering from tuberculosis, and he gave them to understand that he had discovered a wonderful cure, a serum that he named "Anti-phymose." He injected his patients with the serum, which was nothing but a solution of common table salt, and carefully noted their condition. A remarkable change was observed: appetite improved, temperature diminished, the cough, expectoration and night-sweats were mitigated, the patients began to gain in weight. But of course no cure was effected. What he proved by this experiment was the curious psychological effect of hope on physical condition, particularly in the case of consumptives. And it is on precisely this phenomenon that the vender of consumption cures grow rich. The credulous who swallow first his advertising and then the contents of his bottles—and lucky are they if there is nothing more harmful in them than common salt—do feel better for a time. They tell their friends, they write enthusiastic letters to the manufacturer—thus adding weapons to his testimonial armory; they order, with tears of gratitude, another half dozen bottles. The American Medical Association has found an almost unlimited number of consumption cures on the market. Without a single exception, all are barefaced and unmitigated frauds. No medicine has ever been devised that will cure consumption.

Here is "Beto," advertised as a cure for diabetes as the "Very Latest Discovery," including the viciously cruel claim that "absolutely no dieting" is necessary. "Beto" is merely Epsom salts, and has no value in the treatment of diabetes.

The failure of federal regulation is well illustrated in the case of "Doan's Kidney Pills." The government has declared that the claim of this nostrum to cure kidney disease is fraudulent, and the courts have upheld the ruling. But the Doan concern, by confining its advertising to the newspapers and magazines, can make any claim it likes. For years the company has been making hypochondriacs by suggestion. Its advertising—"Every picture tells a story"—has carried the message to the public that any pain in the lower part of the back indicates kidney disease. It indicates nothing of the sort; but the advertisements continue to run, the frightened consumer continues to buy, and the government is helpless under the present law.

Nearly twenty years ago, the government seized a quantity of "Mother's Friend," charging that the claims that this mixture of oil and soap would relieve the suffering incident to childbirth—would assist in safe and quick deliveries, would shorten the duration of labor—would cure morning sickness—would rob labor of its horror and pain—were false and misleading. The claims at the time were made on and in the trade package. Now they no longer appear on the package. But they appear, directly or by implication, in the 1925 newspaper advertising.

A particularly vicious group is that of epilepsy "cures." There are scores of them now on the market, some of them mail-order preparations, and others sold through regular retail channels. Five or six years ago, they all contained, as their essential drug, bromides, usually in such doses as no self-respecting physician would prescribe. Today a number of them contain luminal. Neither bromides nor luminal have any curative effect on epilepsy. Both of these drugs do, in certain cases, control the attacks. But the continued use of bromides in large doses brutalizes the sufferer, and leaves him finally in a worse condition than before the drug was administered. Luminal, in the meanwhile, produces severe skin rashes, gastro-intestinal disorders, and inflammation of the kidneys. Some of the more widely advertised bromide concoctions are "Town's Epilepsy Treatment," "Kline's Nerve Remedy," "Guertin's Nerve Syrup," "Miles's Restorative Nervine," "Trench's Remedy," "Lepso," "Koenig's Nerve Tonic," and "Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer."

Here is "Nuxated Iron," which has thriven, and thrives, on the psychological effect of the word "iron." One's associative mental processes jump to iron muscles, iron endurance, iron manhood. When Jess Willard whipped Jack Johnson, it was "Nuxated Iron" which did it, according to the advertisements; when Dempsey knocked out Wil-

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lard three years later, it was "Nuxated Iron" which did the trick, according to another great advertising series. What happened to Willard's iron in the interim is not disclosed. A dollar bottle of "Nuxated Iron" was found by the chemists of the American Medical Association to contain less than two and one-half grains of iron. If an individual really needs iron—and the need is rare—he can get nearly 100 grains in a dollar's worth of "Blaud's Pills"—which is a non-secret official remedy.

"Bell-ans," it appears, will dispel vertigo, flatulence, weakness and other symptoms of indigestion; will relieve vomiting in pregnancy, alcoholism, seasickness and cholera morbus; will prevent eruptions, nausea, vertigo and pain . . . and a lot of other things. Maybe it will, but is it worth the money you pay for it? Here is the report of the American Medical Association: "Bell-ans (Papay-ans, Bell) possesses the virtues—and they are few—and the limitations—and these are many—inherent in a mixture of baking soda, ginger and charcoal. Any druggist could put up just as good a remedy, and any physician could write a prescription for a better one in those cases in which he might think it indicated."

Again and again we run upon the peril of secrecy, both to the purse and to the welfare of the consumer. The secret preparation may be worth what we pay for it, or it may not. As the great bulk of patent medicines are originally taken from standard non-secret medical prescriptions, and puffed out by salesmanship, it stands to reason that they *cannot* be worth what we pay for them. We have to carry the enormous advertising overhead, and frequently an enormous profit as well.

Our last glimpse shall be at "Murine Eye Remedy." Before the Food and Drugs act, the package read:

MURINE
A POSITIVE CURE
For Sore Eyes, Red, Inflamed, and Itching Lids.

After the act was passed:

MURINE
A RELIABLE RELIEF
For Sore Eyes, Red, Inflamed, and Itching Lids.

Chemical analysis showed "Murine" to be essentially a solution of borax in water, with a trace of berberin or some golden seal preparation. Furthermore, the formula was found to change from time to time. If you bought your own borax and mixed it with water, you could make about a gallon of "Murine" for five cents. But in the container it cost you $1 an ounce—or $16 a pint, or $128 a gallon—3,560 times as much!

Here is a firm of letter brokers in New York. It announces: "The Right Way to Business Success. Use Original Mailing Lists. The Direct Appeal through Personal Letters." It then proceeds to quote rates on "freshly made up lists of names, with correct mailing addresses, of persons affected with the following ailments: Rheumatism, Constipation, Female Troubles, Obesity, Piles, Syphilis, Bust Developer [sic], Drunkenness, Epilepsy, Kidney Complaints," and many others. Rates run from $5 per 1,000 names, to $125 per 50,000 names. And we find the following curious clause: "Cancer, Rupture and Deafness names cost $20 per 1,000." This is four times the usual rate, and indicates that those suffering from these three afflictions respond four times as readily to a direct mail appeal. We are finally assured that: "Original medical lists are sure business getters; absolute fortune producers." One can well believe it.

We note certificates and testimonials prepared by chemists and medical men on the payroll of the drug makers, but put out in the advertising as impartial reports. We note what may be termed the quintessence of advertising, the loftiest height ever reached: the imprint of Purgen, a laxative, on sheets of toilet paper.

The patent medicine business dramatically illustrates the fact that goods of no merit can be sold if only the advertising pressure is high enough. The "Sargol" fraud was earning more money in its last year than ever before. It would be earning it yet if the government had not stopped the enterprise. The "Oxydonor" swindle was a gold mine up to the time that one Moses, its promoter, was sent to the penitentiary for selling it. Brother Samuels made a fortune out of merchandising a weak solution of sugar and salt in hydrant water as a cure for all the ills of the flesh. "Repetition is Reputation. . . . Repetition is Reputation."

The domain of the modern medicine man is not so much a Wonderland as a rotting miasmal swamp. It touches the uttermost limits of human degradation. For those who trade for profit on the hope and despair of the sick and ailing—who deliberately throw straws to those floundering in pain and anguish—no stricture, no contempt, is too great. They, above all others, are the vultures of modern civilization. The oil stock swindler is an Olympian beside them. Of the sum total of articles for sale on Main Street, it is these slops and brews and pellets which commit the basest outrage on the consumer, and which are most in need of the searchlight of decency, truth and knowledge.

And there is hardly a drug store in the land which does not carry hundreds of them on its shelves. STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK.

(*This is the third of a series of articles. They will appear, greatly expanded, as part of a book to be published by the Macmillan Company this spring under the title, Getting Your Money's Worth.*

The fourth article, to be published next week, will discuss standardization, good and bad.)

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Portrait of a Philosopher

WILLIAM BRETT HASTINGS, between his fortieth and forty-fifth year, wrote two thin books which brought him a place in the history of American philosophy, and in the history of American literature for a long time to come. It is not a large place, because owing to the confusion of his thought and a gap that he could not bridge between his unconscious and his conscious mind, the books contained merely a sort of undeveloped outline of his ideas. He began to live the day he died, and for a feeble moment, a space of time less than it takes light to travel from the sun, he saw that his life had a great relation to his work, and that because it was unreal his work was maimed, but all this did not come before him with such great intensity that it broke his heart; he was spared that by the manner in which death rushed in on him. He had always considered his life a happy one—uniquely happy, in fact: there was something idyllic about his marriage; he and his wife had been betrothed in high school; he had never been in love with anybody else, and had married her at the age of twenty-five. He would have married her sooner but that she had wanted a career and his own prospects were not very bright at the time. He wanted to be a very good provider, for Alice had been used to a passably luxurious home; her father had been a distinguished Latin scholar, and for a time before her marriage Alice had taught Latin in a college. William had had a delightful moment once when he had strayed into a Latin class of Alice's, and found her construing Catullus with her pupils, and writing out the scheme of the metres on a blackboard, her dark dress setting off her fluffy gold hair, a pair of glasses perched on her funny little nose. Her college course had been very distinguished, his, rather indifferent; he had done little in Harvard except hang around the classes of Santayana and William James. After he graduated he went to an Italian university for a year, attracted there by an Italian philosopher who had stirred his mind. He got over this enthusiasm before the year was over, and went for six months to a German university, and acquired an enthusiasm for a German philosopher. Then he returned to America and to Alice.

Alice, it happened, was in Mexico with her father when he arrived, and by chance he made the acquaintance of an untidy-looking, black-haired girl friend of hers who had read more books of philosophy than he had and who was overcome with excitement to hear about the Italian and German philosophers. Her mind seemed at the moment so remarkable that he never noticed her good looks; she had the tall, thin figure and short, sleek, black hair which were not in fashion at the moment but which came in with a vengeance several years later. He was conventional-minded and he thought she was plain but brilliant. His heart was a little touched, however, and he assumed that hers was very much touched by him. However, Alice came back, and he dropped the philosophic Margaret.

Alice, talking about her, told him that Margaret was a cold-blooded girl who could never really understand or experience the simple, elemental things of life. Alice had a vocabulary that somehow gave a great impression of profundity to her slightest remarks. The morning they were married they went off to a lonely house in the Berkshires where they spent three weeks. They had many profound conversations as they talked about the life they would live together, and, as such a great and long-lasting love as theirs would be barren without children, they would at once proceed to have several children. Alice said that the highest duty of a woman should be to be loyal in word and deed to the man she married, and the highest duty of a man to be loyal in word and deed to the woman he married, and, on her part she would never tolerate any slips. This impressed William very much. Alice also said that the body was very important, and that one should have the greatest respect for the needs and desires of the body. This also impressed William very much, for he was at what is called "the mating age." He did not talk very much, but he listened with happy approval of Alice's wisdom; he felt that she was a warm, human person, and not the cold-blooded type to which Margaret belonged. He was very puritanical in addition to being a strongly physical man, and the courage mixed with delicacy with which Alice attacked these subjects delighted his sensitiveness. He was happy all round; he got a more important position in the publisher's office where he was employed, and in his spare time, to increase his income, he edited textbooks for schools; he worked enormously hard, but was happy.

His home was beautifully kept; everything Alice did was beautifully and efficiently done; she was better dressed than anyone else's wife whom he knew. When Alice gave a dinner party he knew that the food was as good, the table appointments as perfect as in the richest house in New York. She had a distinction in dress and a social technique lacking even in the wife of the head of the firm. There was not a single cheap or common piece of furniture in the house; the pictures were all good; the silver and china unique of its kind, the floors were polished like a looking-glass; altogether, there was an air of rare refinement about his house. Alice preferred the word "refinement" to "culture"; she ridiculed the word "culture" a good deal and called it "kultur," at the same time managing gently to ridicule the six months he had spent at the German

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university acquiring "kultur" and philosophy. He was hurt at first, but afterwards he came to be amused at it.

She arranged a very perfect little study for him, and put all his philosophy books in it. She called them his "nasty, hard, old books," because she had a very playful side, and she used to shake her curls delightfully at him. He loved the room, though he could spend very little time there because he was so busy in the office, and when he came home in the evenings Alice had always something to amuse him in the way of a pleasant little dinner party at which there was always a touch of impressive formality, for she and he believed in the little ceremoniousnesses of life. He had always liked, even when tired, to dress for dinner, and Alice was devoted to tea-gown effects with floating trains.

When in the second year of their marriage little Alice was born he was congratulated very heartily by everybody, and Alice senior began to look like a Madonna, with her blue gowns and her gold hair. His cup of happiness, as the books say, was full. She explained that they were now experiencing the simple, universal things of life which brought them in tune with all creation; having children was a sort of passport to immortality. He felt so, too, and his eyes began to get a habit of filling with tears. He worked harder and was made a member of the firm. Meanwhile, the black-haired Margaret married a gloomy-looking professor of philosophy, a good deal older than herself, and Alice told him that the marriage was really a Platonic affair; his instinct told him she was right, and he felt very sorry for these dried-up philosophic people. Margaret and her husband came to dinner sometimes, and in spite of her barren life she carried round with her always an air of great life and eagerness, and her husband was certainly an interesting fellow. William admitted that the nights they came to dinner were the best nights he had, though he always felt vaguely miserable when they left; they stirred his old hankering after philosophy, and some words which he had once seen ascribed to Emerson had a way of floating through his mind—"Beware the dream of thy youth, for it shall come to thee though thou be alone in a desert isle." Then sometimes they went to dinner at Margaret's. She and the professor had the sort of house which irritated Alice; one took a great chance on the food; the table silver looked as if it came out of the ten-cent store; the plates and crockery showed what Alice called a groping after the artistic. There were Chinese soup-plates and Breton-peasant plates, and a whole mixum-gatherum of rustic crockery which made the food look as if it came out of the witch's cauldron. It generally drew a comment from William the next evening when he sat down to the delicate French china and linen of his own table.

It diverted Alice that Margaret was always having celebrities at her house. Every visiting foreign philosopher was entertained to that awful food of hers, but they hardly seemed to mind. Alice was delicately mocking over Margaret's interest in these people, and she used to draw her occasionally by asking what new ideas Professor So-and-so had discovered, and whether the world stood where it did any more. William sometimes felt a little embarrassed because Margaret was both quick-witted and quick-tempered, and he saw her patience frequently was strained. Once she became so irritated that, later, when William was helping her on with her coat at the door, she turned angrily to him and said, "I wish you and Alice would stop patronizing your friends. You will die of complacence." After that they kept clear of Margaret for a while, for he was not going to allow Alice to be criticized even by implication. But after a few weeks he missed her so much that he ran round to see her during one of her parties. The whole house was full of movement and life; everybody helping to get food; everybody helping to wash dishes; even the distinguished foreign visitor whom William's firm published, and who had come to William's house to Alice's dinner party in a magnificent fur-lined coat and gorgeous dress-suit, was here hopping round in baggy trousers, passing the Chinese plates, his mouth full of something Margaret had bought at a delicatessen store.

A great happiness and contentment often filled William in Margaret's house. He sat down on a sofa beside her, she very gay and very untidy in a conspicuously unbecoming dress. A German philosopher sat at the other side of her. After drinking a couple of cocktails he held her hand; he noticed that the German tried to do the same; her guests were all talking eagerly, and all slightly flirtatious with her, which her husband seemed to enjoy in a paternal sort of way. She was very casual in her relations with men, though a word was never breathed against her morals; still he was glad Alice was not like that; he did not see her flirting with any man; it never occurred to him that no man could see himself flirting with Alice. He went home very happy and pleased with himself from Margaret's that night.

William never consciously felt any great lack in his life; he came home each evening, kissed the two Alices, and sat down to his excellent dinner with a pleasant little party or alone with Alice in a tea-gown, and little Alice sitting with a napkin tied under her chin. The elder Alice affectionately made him go over all he did during the day, and generally handed out some piece of wisdom culled from her reading. This always gave him a feeling that women were very instinctive, and had an intuitive wisdom such as came to few men and then only after many meditations, and the thought seemed to compensate him for the fact that he never had time to get his own ideas down on paper, for he thought that they were not, perhaps, so worthwhile after all.

They were about ten years married when their great tragedy occurred. A maid was sent to take little Alice home from school, her mother having a

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headache so bad that she could not go for her as usual. On the way the taxi in which they were driving ran into another, and both the maid and the child died as a result of the accident. For Alice and William life was never the same again. Alice was strongly maternal, though she had never explained why their thrilling honeymoon conversation on children had eventuated in only one child, but her grief over little Alice was incurable. William's mind was taken up by the pressure of his duty in the office, but she had little to take her mind off her grief. It seemed, however, to draw them closer together, and gradually they began to take very little interest in anybody except each other; theirs was, as they often said, such a very intimate relationship. He urged her, however, to go out a little, and she began to do some social service work. In one of her expeditions, in taking a number of college girls to see settlement houses, she acquired a cold which became influenza, and later, pneumonia. A week from the day she got it she was dead, and he was left the loneliest man in the world. Between the day of her death and the funeral the events slipped from his mind. He found himself standing by her grave in the falling snow, and that was the only part of it all he remembered, except that Margaret was there, too, dressed in black with a crepe veil, for her husband had died some months before.

After a few days spent with an aunt of Alice's he returned to the office, a shaken and bewildered man, the foundations all gone from his life. They were not his foundations, they were the foundations Alice had put there; he had lived, as it were, by her will, had been completely molded by her save in the secret places of his mind. In the past, out of their abysmal deeps, something at times came and sat in judgment on him; it was the ghost of the dream of his youth, and a horrible conflict would arise in him for a day or two at a time and then pass away again.

His whole life seemed to have gone away with Alice, and he struggled pitifully with the office routine. After a few days Margaret telephoned him at the office. He was faintly shocked when he heard her voice, for subconsciously he had a suspicion that now he was a widower Margaret might begin to pursue him. She was inviting him to something which also shocked him. He could not get it at first owing to the way she pronounced the name, but she was inviting him to a lecture by Einstein at New York University, and round to supper at her apartment afterwards. No, not alone—Einstein and another man would be there. The incredible Margaret! There she was at it again, entertaining one of the great men of the world in the same old way! She called for him at the office, and he went with her to the lecture. The strange figure on the platform, with the disordered hair and indifferent clothes, looked at first to him like the second violinist of an orchestra, a good but undistinguished artist. William did not understand one word of the lecture, for it was all in German, a language which had almost vanished from his mind. It was just the sort of thing Alice would have laughed at, him and Margaret sitting there listening to the theory of relativity being expounded in a language neither of them knew. But by degrees the figure on the platform grew in impressiveness, and in some odd way as he listened a feeling of the fatuity of his life came over William. The image of the second violinist floated away, and a superhuman being took his place, a divinity who seemed to be pleading for some life that William could hardly understand, for the tearing away of the veil that had always clouded William from reality. Here was a man who had faced eternity, and dragged a secret from the mind of God, and was offering it to them in that strange room, on that platform. All William's life, with its realities and profundities as expounded by his dead Alice, faded away, and a door seemed to open before him. He knew that life had also in the beginning offered him something to discover, but he had deafened his ears. He did not feel equal to going back to Margaret's apartment, but he talked with her and Einstein in the hall afterwards. The light had now left the great man's face, and he was sluggishly puffing an empty pipe. He was a biggish, pale man, green complexioned either through starvation in war-ridden Germany or through long hours in his study. William went home alone.

The next night as he was sitting down to dinner Margaret came in. Again he got faintly suspicious about her intentions, and determined to be on his guard, though he was very visibly glad to see her. She declined food, but sat down beside him drinking water out of one of Alice's red Bohemian glasses. "William," she said, "you are surely not going to keep on this house. Why don't you sell it all out?" "Sell what?" "This—all this," and she waved her hand round the room. "Margaret," he said, "do you mean, sell Alice's things?" "Yes," she said cruelly. "You'll be marrying your stenographer some fine day if you don't, through sheer loneliness. There's something in you, William. Time and again I heard George say you had the best mind in the country. What income have you from your mother?" He always kept such things private, but he obediently answered, "A little over a hundred and fifty a month." "William," she said eagerly, "chuck the office; get rid of all this." She brought the Bohemian glass with a bang down on the table and kicked the Chippendale chair beside her slightly with her foot. "Get rid of all this—this serendipity, and write that book on philosophy you told me about when you came back from Germany—do it, William. Life is short." She rose to her feet and began to walk towards the door. "William," her eyes held his with their eagerness, "wisdom for you begins where the hearthstone ends. You've had enough of this. Take hold of your life." She went out leaving him angry and indignant with her. For the first time in his life he began to feel actual hatred towards a human being. Alice was right! She was a cold, inhuman woman! How terrible to talk to him like that, in his new grief!

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But two months later the contents of the house were auctioned off and the house was handed over to an agent. William packed the philosophy books in his study and the writing table he had used so seldom and took a large room in a boarding-house in the West Eighties. He slipped out of the life he had known and the facetious son of the head of the publishing firm pinned a card on the door of William's office and wrote on it, "What's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip?" William sat and wrote, and the long piled-up thoughts of his life, the unused meditations, the scattered details of the system that for years he had idly thought out, came out clear and exciting on paper. He did not know what was in him till he began to write; then a torrent of words hurled themselves out and evolved themselves into the details of the system with which his name became identified. His first book made a sensation, and life began to be a wonderful thing —so wonderful that years dropped from him, and he went around gaily and happily. He took up relations in a different way with his old firm, for they now published his work. Four years passed and he finished his second book. This time he acquired a certain international importance; he was read in Europe and translated into French and German. The self that came out in his books was gradually obliterating the self that had been dominated by Alice. It was odd that a man could live so many years of his life in a certain way, and that almost no trace of them could remain.

Some time after his second book came out he had a long letter of congratulation from Margaret, whom he had not seen for years. This, in combination with the success of his book, gave him a feeling of almost ecstatic joy; he felt that there was one person in the world with whom he came first, and that was Margaret—neither distance, nor people, nor the passing years could change that. Margaret was responsible for the turn in his life that gave him to his work. He knew that these years spent writing his books were the happiest of his life, so truly the only years that meant anything to him that all realization of his past was slipping away as if he had never lived it. He wrote to Margaret and asked her to luncheon, arranging to meet her where he had met her a few times before he married, at Grand Central Station. That night he dreamt that he was only twenty-five and that he was walking up a church aisle, his arms full of books all of which he had written. Then the books changed into a person, and the person became Margaret, and she was a young and laughing girl. On the day of the appointment he started to dress, feeling enormously young and enormously elated. Then he remembered that he had bought himself no clothes, or even ties, since Alice died; his clothes were worn and shabby, but he got them pressed hastily, and looked at himself with interest in the glass. He had gray in his hair and eyebrows, but he was young—younger than when he was a boy, though he knew he was not so well in health. His heart had a troublesome manner of what he called missing a beat, but he rarely thought about it, and it did not interfere much with his happiness in life. He walked rapidly to the station, and was there fifteen minutes too soon. He kept an eye by turns on all possible entrances, even including the train exits.

At last he saw Margaret approaching, or rather standing. She was standing high on the steps that descended to the station from the west side; her figure slender and young and lithe; she was looking smilingly towards something on the opposite terrace of the station, her head thrown back, full of life and eagerness. He could not see the grey in her black hair or the wrinkles round her eyes, or her fallen throat, so he thought she was a laughing girl like the girl of his dream. And Alice and her profundities seemed suddenly to be nothing but a toy transfer that a child had licked and plastered on to something. Alice was not a life—she was a transfer of something from other peoples' lives, and she made of him equally a transfer of something from other peoples' lives; he had been her husband and little Alice's father, but it was all as if it had never been, and the only person in the world he was related to or had ever been related to was the laughing girl on the steps. His joy at his discovery seemed to be weakening him, and he wanted her to come quickly so that they could sit down somewhere. "Margaret," he cried suddenly, "darling, hurry." But his body all at once stiffened, and he fell backwards on the hard floor. Some of the people near him ran away from him in horror and fear, and some crowded round him in pity and curiosity. The woman on the steps ran down and pushed her way to him. She knelt beside him and clasped him tightly in her arms. Not a sound passed her lips as she looked on his dead face, but her whole body was stricken with an intensity of grief such as those around never saw before—a grief that was all centred in the dead man in her arms and none at all on herself—pure grief, untouched by any alloy of self-pity or loneliness.

MARY M. COLUM.

Washington Notes

BY this time Mr. McAdoo is back in his Los Angeles home, after his swing around the circle—or ought to be, anyhow—and my guess is, that he is in an exceedingly sour frame of mind. I do not know whether those legal matters, about which he busied himself part of the time in New York, proved profitable or not, but certainly, from the political angle, this most recent trip of his was anything but a success. He had about the worst press endured by any man who has started out on a political mission, for a long time. It was not only that his Toledo speech fell flat all along the line, but that everywhere the newspapers, Southern Democratic as well as Eastern Republican, were in accord in attributing his present political activity to a desire for revenge rather than any hope of becoming his party's candidate. Nothing is more deadly than such a reputation.

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Then, too, in New York he discovered that his dear friend, Mr. Chadbourne, had flopped completely over into the Smith camp and that his yet dearer friend, Mr. Baruch, while personally cordial, awfully glad to see him and all that, was tired of politics for the time being, hoped as his sincere well-wisher he would not make another fight, and registered so far as he, Mr. Baruch, personally is concerned, a complete lack of interest as to the nomination.

Down here in Washington, the usual lot of Southern Senators who, three years ago, flocked around him when he arrived, this time conspicuously failed to flock. Good old Senator Furnifold Simmons, who has been really quite sick all session, did call on the dry champion at his hotel—by request—but failed altogether to urge him to run, or to tell him that the North Carolina delegation, which for many years has been a Simmons delegation, and probably will be again, would be for him in 1928.

It is the conviction of the most astute and best informed politicians in both parties in Washington, or those who come here from various sections, that Smith will be the nominee. So far as my own observation goes, the drift that way seems plain. Besides, it is so clearly the thing to do, that it is incredible it will not be done. It is the one and the only chance the Democrats have in the next campaign. It is a desperate one, of course, but it would at least introduce such novel elements of uncertainty as well as certainty and force such a radical shifting of the lines of the Presidential battlefield as to make an epoch in American party warfare. And it would be an interesting fight.

As for the good Calvin, make no mistake—he is attending closely to his political knitting. Anyone who thinks that Nicaragua, Mexico, China, farm relief or radio has diverted the Presidential mind, for a single moment, from the congenial task of playing personal politics with the federal patronage, is away off the track. As is said so graphically by one of our modern masters of the short story, "that's what he ain't doin' nothin' else but." Moreover, he is displaying a shrewdness at the game which has certainly not been excelled in the White House in a long time—if ever. He needs no agents nor representatives. No Slemp nor Hitchcock could do for him half as well what he is doing for himself. It is interesting to observe that, within the past few weeks, Republican National Committeemen from the South have been coming to Washington one after the other, calling at the White House, seeing Mr. Coolidge and getting their post offices, and other small federal plums. In return, they tell Mr. Coolidge that sentiment is strong for him in their state and that there is no question whatever about the delegation's being for him.

Said one friend of mine: "Honestly, I never saw anybody like this man. Of course I'm for him, because he's holding the plate with the pie on it, and I've got to have mine, and there don't seem nobody else to tie to, but ain't he a curious little guy? He treated me fine, gave me what I wanted, and talked steady about troubles he was having over some little District Attorney appointment or something here in the District of Columbia. When I told him I thought sentiment in the party in our state was all right for him for a renomination, he just looked down his nose and said nothing till I got embarrassed and said good-bye."

That is a typical experience with Mr. Coolidge at present. Nearly every visitor has it. He looks down his nose and says nothing, when his callers tell him how strong sentiment is for him for another term; but he doesn't like it when they go without telling him. The answer to the question, "Will he run again?" is, "He is running now!"

But he can be stopped—don't forget that. There is life in the Lowden movement yet. Not until the session is over, and the farm-relief bills acted on one way or the other, will the situation clear up. Suppose, for a moment, that the McNary-Haugen bill is passed by Congress and dropped in the good Calvin's lap. Wouldn't he sweat? If he should sign it, it would mean surrender of his position and acceptance of a proposition which he has declared unsound and unsafe, and one on which his Wall Street advisers look with abhorrence. And if he should veto it, the Corn Belt states would certainly howl long and loud, and the Lowden-for-President movement gain great impetus.

The speed and emphasis with which Presidential appointments are rejected these days by a Republican Senate, and the abrupt manner in which "Senatorial courtesy" has been discarded, made me slightly apprehensive lest the Hon. Mr. Mills's selection as Under Secretary of the Treasury in place of the Hon. Mr. Winston might be held up. The idea occurred to me that perhaps some mean remarks might be made about the type of campaign conducted by Mr. Mills in New York last fall, or that some low person might even recall that in his unsuccessful fight against Governor Smith the "kiss of death" had been bestowed upon him by William Randolph Hearst. However, no such thing occurred. The Mills appointment went through, slick as a whistle. As a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, he did not undergo the formality of referring his name to a committee, and the amiable and ambitious statesman will soon be on the job of upholding the hands of the "greatest Secretary since Alexander Hamilton," as the White House organs so proudly proclaim.

In the strictest confidence I whisper that, at times, these hands take considerable upholding, that there are periods when the old gentleman seems to be very, very tired—not, of course, tired to the point of retiring, but beyond the point of caring a great deal about what is going on in his department. A good many persons, who ordinarily know their way around, have believed for some time past that the real burden of running the Treasury was borne by Mr. Winston, who assumed responsibilities and acted on his own initiative, in a way not generally recognized because of the reverence inspired by the name of Mellon, and the glamor thrown around the personality of the third-richest man in the world. If that condition really prevails, and I am told it does, it will suit Mr. Mills right down to the ground. No one is more willing than he to run things himself. He can, I think, be counted upon to accept just as many responsibilities as Mr. Winston and to display just as much initiative—if not more. That is his dish.

Speaking of William Randolph Hearst and his "kiss of death"—the phrase so graphically used by Governor Smith in his last campaign—it should not go unnoticed that Mr.

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Hearst has also administered the kiss to Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. In one edition of his papers—which I regularly read for the good of my soul and a few other reasons—there were both an editorial commending Senator Reed, speaking of his nobility of character and declaring he would make an admirable President, and also another editorial dwelling upon the greatness of Mr. Coolidge, and pointing out that the country would make no mistake in giving him another term. A few days later along came an article by Brother Brisbane, asserting that, while Mr. Coolidge would probably be a candidate, should he not be, there were Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover, both of whom would make splendid Presidents—so no one need worry. When you consider the combination and contrast of those thus kissed—Coolidge, Reed, Mellon and Hoover—it must be conceded this is hard to beat. Life is getting brighter all the time.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Saturday's Children and Trelawney

Saturday's Children, by Maxwell Anderson. Booth Theatre, January 27, 1927.

Trelawney of the Wells, by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. New Amsterdam Theatre, January 31, 1927.

THERE is nothing about Saturday's Children to suggest that it was written by one of the co-authors of What Price Glory except perhaps a certain independence in the development of the theme. It tells the story of a little typist who, with what might seem very bold advice on her father's part, follows out her own life. She marries, but wants neither housekeeping nor children, and the daily living together brings only rows to herself and her young husband. She runs off to a lodging-house, takes up her old job, does as she pleases, and will have her husband back again only as a lover, romantically met and passionately dreamed about.

There is nothing about Saturday's Children to show that Mr. Maxwell Anderson is a true poet except perhaps the quarrel scenes between the young couple, when we see them helpless against their rows and tempers and family problems, torturing and tearing one another, and each unable to live without the other; this scene might derive from a poet, and now and then there is a turn in the lines perhaps, an unexpected thrust inward.

Otherwise the play is light as air and only moderately entertaining. It grows into a delightful evening, however, through Mr. Guthrie McClintic's directing, on the one hand, through the gift that he has for seeing what a play is and developing it honestly into its own kind of thing without fudging and evasion; and, on the other hand, from the playing of Miss Ruth Gordon. To the part of the young wife she brings all the astonishing time-sense and the clean, exact workmanship that she has shown already in comic rôles; and to this she adds now a lovely kind of pathos all her own. She makes out of the part what nobody else could quite have done, and she engages your attention in every smallest fraction of her performance. Mr. Frederick Perry plays the father very acceptably, and Miss Beulah Bondi's sour boarding-house keeper is highly expert. Mr. Roger Pryor gets at least enough sincerity of effect into his playing of the young husband to keep the balance of the story.

Trelawney All-Starred

Almost anyone who loves art better than he does animal taming and side-show exhibitions in cages might dread a performance of Pinero's classic piece by such a starry list as has been promulgated at the New Amsterdam. Nothing could be more mistaken, however, than such a fear. In this case the whole gradation of the performance is finely achieved. It is hard to believe that such a scale of values could have been maintained. Despite the presence of leading-lady after leading-lady and leading-man after leading-man, with legitimate stars scattered through, it could not really be said that any player snatched after more radiance than was assigned him by the fortunes of the play. Mr. O. P. Heggie, as Mr. Ablett the grocer, pushed his characterization into something that was tedious and neither amusing nor pathetic, and so perhaps did Mr. Otto Kruger as the comedian; but both were in the tradition, nevertheless, and at least endurable. Mr. John Drew, also, stands out somewhat more from the other rôles with his Sir William Gower than the dramatist intended, but that is only because of his superb playing and the great magnetism that makes his presence in the scenes so moving in its personal quality, so witty in its comment and so solid in its technical structure.

The other parts were played with diverse success, none really badly. Mrs. Whiffen was her old angelic self as Mrs. Mossop of the lodging-house. Miss Estelle Winwood and Miss Pauline Lord, as Avonia Bunn and Imogen Parrott, played both capitally. Miss Helen Gahagan in a rôle very famous and somewhat dazzlingly blasted with the light of former stars, brought her performance into lovely qualities, not only for her own beauty and her good singing voice but for a certain fresh sweetness and generosity in her conception. Not everyone might think so, but this part of Rose Trelawney is a far more difficult one than that of the master's wife that Miss Gahagan had last year in Young Woodley, and her success in this is much more significant. That part had more serious intentions, no doubt, but technically this variety of mood, this buoyancy and impulse of the Trelawney rôle is five times as exacting and fifty times as good practice for the player.

Mr. William Seymour must be lauded for his direction of this piece. It is no small achievement to keep so well as he did the play's flavor and the general tone of the tradition, and at the same time to blend the whole into something easier and more flexible to modern stage methods.

As to the play itself, the performance by such a company as this makes me like it better than ever. To supply characters for so many excellent players is in itself a rare thing in a drama, and it is an even rarer thing not to crack apart beneath the weight of so much real acting, not to be shown up by the light that really good acting will bring to bear upon a dramatist's creation.

Sitting at this performance of Trelawney of the Wells, shining as it was, almost always, in almost all its parts, I experienced what has turned out to be a most convulsive thought, a reversal of values. The more I have thought upon it, the more it has seemed true.

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In college we were taught to regard The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith and Iris as Pinero masterpieces. There were written after the influence of the great Ibsen had come on this dramatist, who up to that time had been the author of only the lightest of plays, little theatrical pieces successful enough as far as they went, but lighter than down, mere matters of theatrical popularity.

We may take, then, a little stock of Pinero's works all over again, now that Trelawney has started these doubts. Dropping out the Ebbsmith as too unequal and forced and stagey, and leaving out the other serious plays, we can rest the case with The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. To begin with, then, this tragedy is effective theatre—no one can deny that—though its overlaid problem and social cause are long since somewhat obvious and vieux jeu. As craft it is still as expert as anything Paris has done. It adds to this craft a certain urge of serious moral concern. But this appears now to be used quite like the other theatrical motives and elements of which the play is made up, effectively, and not much more than that. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray no longer convinces anybody very much of any great depth, sincerity or human truth, though to no few people it may still be entertaining if well acted.

Trelawney of the Wells, whatever else it is, is true in itself, it is convincing all through. Not convincing as life, not as deep drama, but as happy theatre, varied in its motives and characters, warm at the centre, sweet in its heart, and ingeniously put together and actable all through. It shows no little of the stamp of the English genius that appears in Gilbert and Sullivan, the high spirits, the sentiment, the shy and elusive gaiety, the melodic whim and the delight in varied, heavily underscored and fantastic characterization. Its mood is at least authentic.

STARK YOUNG.

A Number of Things

OLD IRONSIDES

OLD IRONSIDES, now playing at the Rivoli Theatre, New York City, is a production by James Cruze of a story by Laurence Stallings. Argument: the Constitution destroying the power of the Tripoli pirates, with Decatur, broadsides, decks cleared for action, manacled prisoners and Old Glory. Sub-argument: a shanghaied Yankee youngster in the same ship with what looks like a silky Polish countess and is really a Yankee girl. Both are captured by pirates. Sub-sub-argument: horseplay and heroism by Wallace Beery and other attractive, loyal, rum-drinking rough-necks. The sub-argument, owing to the treacly anæmia of the hero and his lass, is silly, and should not have been lifted into the main action by the scruff of its small, fine neck. But the main action is gorgeously thorough and exciting, if in a harmless Stevensonian vein, which makes one long for the bitter reality of The Big Parade. Here is a toy war, even if the toys can hurt, even if there are deaths and close-up jabbings into fallen bodies. The details may be sometimes gruesome, and always hearty, but the total effect is many miles removed from the agonizing slow march of the men in The Big Parade—a film which left you grim and speechless when Old Ironsides makes you think it would have been fun to fight in a war like this. As a dramatic spectacle, the engagement in Tripoli Bay is one of the most skilful and exciting ever seen in a film. As photography, the film is excellent, with a number of tremendous, never-to-be-forgotten pictures of the Constitution, proud and beautiful as a floating Athens, and ever so slightly out of focus, or blurred with some subtle trick which adds to her towering white majesty the full century which belongs to it.

THE ST. LOUIS BLUES

What thing unburied is so dead as a last-year's song-success? In 1914, Alexander's Ragtime Band was already half forgotten. In 1914, the bands played Good-Bye, Boys, I'm Through, and Michigan, and By the Beautiful Sea; and tough young men bounded ecstatically about the vaudeville stage, chanting

> . . . and though they may be forty-three,
> I like to bounce 'em up and down upon my knee,
> For when the grown-up ladies act like babies
> I gotta love 'em, that's all!

But in 1915, with Hello, Hawaii! on every hurdy-gurdy, who remembered those faded tunes? Not even the sentimentally reminiscent. Yet it was in 1914 that the Negro yodeler, Charley Anderson, at the Alaskan Roof Garden, Memphis, introduced the St. Louis Blues, and within the last four months of 1926 and 1927 five companies published six different phonograph records of the same song. Its unnatural survival is not explainable as due to a delayed recognition; it caught on immediately upon its introduction to New York, in 1914, by Irving C. Miller, brother of a member of the famous colored team of Miller and Lyles. It has been a comfort to its proprietor, W. C. Handy, since he created it; it has already sold five hundred thousand piano copies and a million and a half phonograph records—figures which have been surpassed, but are hardly to be waved aside. The 1915 Columbia record, by the Prince Band, was the first of thirty-eight, well distributed over twelve years. One of them is by the Dixieland Jazz Band, made shortly after the success of that pioneer organization's outrageous Livery Stable Blues. One is by James Reese Europe, who, donning khaki and crossing from Castle House to France nearly ten years ago, with St. Louis and two other Handy blues, all but broke up a convention of Continental bands. Two (three years apart) are by Ted Lewis, the surviving prophet of the fundamentalist jazz; his latest, published by Columbia, is an astounding piece of work. You can hear St. Louis played by Whiteman's orchestra (a somewhat pallid version); by the trio of Rudy Wiedoft, originator of the laughing saxophone; by brass bands, on the pipe organ, the banjo, the xylophone, the steel guitar; sung by vocalists from Al Bernard to Marion Harris and Bessie Smith; it has been worked into larger musical forms by the composer, by Albert Chiaffarelli and by William Still. Time rolls on, fashions change, but this grandmother of jazz and Aunt Sarah Gallup of ragtime will not be shelved. She may from time to time submit to the musical equivalent of a bob or a lowered waist-line, but, ever, she goes out with the boys.

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Hockey

American efficiency has conquered again. It has taken an obscure sport, of which few persons know anything, and in a few months has standardized it, advertised it, and, as we love to say, has put it over with a bang. The sport is hockey. Not so long ago, this gentle pastime was played only in Canada, and occasionally in impromptu fashion by a few New England mill pond skaters. Now it has suddenly blossomed out with expensive rinks in several eastern cities, a series of professional, semi-pro and amateur leagues, and a following of persons willing to pay $2.20 or $3.30 to see three games in succession in an evening. The game is furiously fast and full of thrills and picturesque incidents. The players are not supposed to rough each other; but in the heat of battle, how they do! Everything is used but iron pipe. A player will be knocked unconscious, will lie there looking ever so dead, and then suddenly hop up and skate away. The game's best moments are the long passing rallies, down the length of the rink. The goal keeper, padded to grotesque proportions, squats in front of his little wire coop and tries to keep the puck away, not only with his stick, but with arms, legs and body. There are moments of pure beauty, slender-bodied players sweeping in great curves like eagles at play in the upper air; and then a second later both teams are piled like a haycock on the ice before a goal. Few of the players look as though they were enjoying themselves; but that is not surprising. All games before spectators now have to be played so well in America that there is no fun in playing them.

The Peccable Journalists

The new professional hockey, by the way, followed custom and began its career with a scandal. The charge was made, early in the season, that a large sum of money had been set aside by the promoters with which to bribe (or in the technical language of sport, to "sweeten") some of the sporting writers on New York newspapers. This accusation was, of course, repudiated on all sides and with all possible indignation; an impartial investigation was proposed, nothing happened, and then the matter dropped out of the news. We take it for granted that the accused promoters and writers were as innocent (in Arthur Brisbane's phrase) as a babe unborn by seven generations. It is pertinent to recall, however, that the sporting pages constitute a department of journalism which lags behind the march of that noble profession toward Spotless Town. While a majority of those who record the exploits of the athletes are honorable men, there are, in fact, a few who stoop to the acceptance of perquisites. These practices cluster most thickly around the manly art of professional boxing, and for obvious reasons. Assuming reasonable fistic abilities, a pugilist can be pushed ahead, or held back, by the attitude of the writers toward him, to a degree which makes a difference of many thousands of dollars in his earning ability. Prizefighters and their managers being what they are, they will continue to sweeten just as many of their journalistic friends as they can reach; and what is true of the boxers is true in lesser degree of several other varieties of professional "sport."

The Greatest Show on Earth

AT the infant age of 150 years, the United States of America lies in a cradle, large-eyed and gurgling. The world is a stage, and we Americans are its eager audience. God, nature, and the nations jostle each other at our cradle-side, shaking competing rattles under our 100,000,000-power nose, fighting to win our ingenuous golden smile.

Prosperity and mechanical efficiency have reached a happy stage of consummation. Our citizens, rich and poor, are unprecedentedly free to be entertained. The national psychology is that of the curious whimsical spectator, searching to be delighted with brilliant sights, experiences, and sensations. Not only in leisure are we avid for thrills. The hunger is carried into business, art, thought, and everyday life.

We have discovered a greater dilettantism. We dally with all phases of life, not only the æsthetic. We are alert for the enjoyment of more kinds of titillation than have ever before been conceived. The inclination of our interest is incalculable and unpredictable. Among us a swarm of showmen are daily at their test-tubes, trying to combine the elements that will attract, if only for a moment, the receptive American gaze. Their failures are many, but the successes pay. The baby's smile is really golden.

Our appetite is fickle as it is varied, voluminous as a child's curiosity. The fad of one moment is neglected the next. Rapidly the strange becomes commonplace. Variety is the spice of the great American vaudeville show. We are sympathetic with the ingratiating, and simultaneously we enjoy the revelation of "le beau dans l'horrible." The exotic is our keen pleasure, and we rejoice in the highest, the biggest, the lowest, the fastest, the dullest, the ugliest—whatever is freakish, conspicuous, and superlative.

For a nonce we focus our fascinated eye on a bearded thinker. His esoteric gravity is not attuned to our vivacity, but his very incomprehensibility charms. Now we bound to the pageant of royalty speeding through our midst in the trappings and tempo of vaudeville. Every show is reduced to terms we understand. Guest princes are "good fellows," Einstein is "relativity," and Freud is "complex." Our knowledges are always small, and not seldom dangerous. The feverish spectacle-world dances to the pipe of newspaper photographers, and we call the tunes.

Giddily we hunger for knowledge, not some of it, but all. H. G. Wells gives us handy history, and Van Loon boils down the Bible to suit the baby's palate. We weary with wisdom, and look perhaps to music. Stravinsky in person is welcomed. He wears an orange sweater and bracelets. To the infant ear his music is as the beating of tin pans, and that is pleasure. Sometimes greatness itself, whether understood or not, is the beginning of hullaballoo. So it was with Toscanini. Every act is finished when the performer's tricks give out. Some of our tinsel Jeritzas are ingenious inventors of pirouettes that keep them in the spotlight.

Who can tell what next will enchant the national fancy? There is no paradox in the popularity of a Jolson. But here is a stranger, a Raquel Meller, who floats over the horizon puffing before her scents of glory. She disdains

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our upturned thumb, and is hardly persuaded to be friends with us. She has twenty pampered pups, and will travel like the President of the United States in a private car. Her songs will sell at twenty-five dollars the dozen. The foot that spurns is deified.

Some of the headliners in our show? Europe: we love to gape at it, to make it jig for our coins. Truckmen who fight genteelly for $750,000. Golf. The negro in music and poetry. And—oh, perfect specimen!—the snake-dance in honor of seven lively industries that would be high arts.

We adore dabbling in harsh reality, opening gleefully shocked eyes for an exhilarating peep in the Joycean bawdy house. Sherwood Anderson tours us through back alleys of our own American minds. There is a pleasure almost masochistic in taking Sinclair Lewis's whacking full on our shoulders.

These are ventures into the shivery Chinatown of real life. We can receive in our own parlor English authors with their monocled ideas and accents, the night-club culture of Vanity Fair, even the boyish-bobbed sophistication of the American Mercury and H. L. Mencken's megaphoned iconoclasms. Our colleges are better than a circus. And there are Babe Ruths, murderers who read Anatole France, Earl Carrolls, Daytons, Tenn., Coney Island pastors barking crowds into their churches to see the crucifixion, Suzanne Lenglen, miners buried in the black belly of the earth, discoveries of the North Pole, on foot, by hand, in a rowboat, from the air.

The American mental fabric is a crazy quilt. There are patches of finest cloth, but they are sewed into the context of our popular thought—first because of their bright colors. "The amateur is loosed. The voice of the æsthete is heard in the land, and catastrophe is upon us." Whistler's words describe sesqui-centennial America in its attitude toward all experience. Catastrophe may or may not be upon us, but affluent democracy certainly is.

Our national mind is a weather-vane with Æolus gone mad. We entertain God and Satan in week-end parties. We have petting sessions with the muses. Gleefully we stuff the many maws of Cerberus with inexhaustible piles of toothsome dung. We go sight-seeing in heaven and slumming in hell. Ain't we got fun? ALEXANDER FRIED.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mussolini's Pragmatism

SIR: Others will express to you their thanks or disapproval for having Mr. Kallen voice his valuable views on Fascism in your issue of January 12 and for your editorial commenting upon his article. I would merely refer to one small, yet I think, important point. There is, it seems to me, an implied sneer in Mr. Kallen's statements that Mussolini is described as a pragmatist, yet when questioned by Mr. Kallen seemed unfamiliar with the works of William James.

I think your readers should know what is generally known in Europe but not often mentioned in America, and that is that Mussolini is a pragmatist at one remove. He is not a direct disciple of William James, but a disciple of the late Georges Sorel, author of De l'Utilité du Pragmatisme, and of the late Vilfredo Pareto. It is these two men who are the architects of that ideology which Mr. Kallen speaks of being applied by the Fascists "by force majeure. . . to a condition." And a study of their works would show that they are sufficient for Mussolini and that he has no need of William James.

Indeed, Mussolini's apparent apostasy from socialism merely followed an evolution in the ideas of Sorel; it is from Sorel that Mussolini "gained the conviction that there is no such thing as equality in life," etc., and it is upon the writings of Sorel that Mussolini's ideas should be judged.

I know, however, of only two sources in English of Sorel's theories: his Reflections on Violence was translated by the late T. E. Hulme and is still in B. W. Huebsch's catalogue; Hulme's sketch of Sorel's views is also included in Hulme's own posthumous Speculations. MONTGOMERY BELGION.

New York City.

A Short View of Decadence

SIR: A few weeks ago in Atlantic City I saw a play, Hymn to Venus, by William Hurlbut, beautifully staged, splendidly acted. I had heard nothing of the plot; I was entirely unprepared. But I can assure you that night I felt as though I had fallen into a cesspool.

Last summer in Paris I had a long argument with a man over Bourdet's La Prisonnière. I said to him: "New York will never stand for it." What is the result? It's the pièce de résistance at every dinner party because it's the most popular production in town, playing to jammed audiences nightly. I thought we were a fairly new people, strong and clean, glad to stand with heads high, to face the sun, to live and fight and die bravely. I couldn't *believe* America would tolerate The Captive. And now there is this other one, Hymn to Venus.

On the program there was a quotation from Sappho: "Though nature change . . ." and another one from Spinoza: "I have looked upon passions not as vices of human nature, but as properties . . ." But I tell you this is no property of human nature. This decadent, defiling thing that is eating its way into present day life belongs to the psychopathic wards of hospitals, to the insane institutions. And it is not passion; it is perversion. What are we thinking of, we Americans, laughingly to discuss it? Any nation, through all the ages, that has tolerated this practice has disintegrated. A nation it founded on man's love for woman and woman's for man; then the birth of the child. This other makes the man or woman an everlasting lie and cheat, it perjures the name of love and passion, it blasphemes a home. "Though nature change . . ." but nature does not change; nature is nature the whole world over.

At a dinner the other night I met a charming, intellectual woman, just returned from a long stay in England. She said: "I was so eager to get back to my own country—I am so disgusted now, so bitterly disappointed. Why are you all talking of Lesbianism, what is the matter with Americans?" A man answered: "Well, as things are going, I see no way out—we'll soon be bisexual, all of us." And what does this stuff mean? An individual that is capable of self-fertilization, one that possesses both organs. So far this has been said to occur in the fish Serranus, in sluggish animals as worms and snails, and extremely common among every kind of parasitic animal as Trematodes, a few Nematodes and in degenerate Hydroids. Pleasant prospect for man, isn't it?

What is the matter? For Heaven's sake, let us look at this thing squarely; let us wake up, shake ourselves out of this nightmare.

New York City. ELIZABETH SHAW MONTGOMERY.

Italy in Africa

SIR: May I take the liberty of correcting an error in your issue of January 26? On page 261, the writer of the article on A Way Out of Imperialism writes of Italy's acquisition of Algeria, in Africa. Italy has never had any control over Algeria, as that country has been in the hands of France since 1847. DOROTHY L. BECKE.

Newark, New Jersey.

[The imperial territory of Italy in Northern Africa is, of course, Tripoli.—THE EDITORS.]

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Two Views of Whitehead*

Religion in the Making, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 160 pages. $1.50.

IF religion has any peculiar way of salvation to offer, it can only be because it brings to light certain facts of vital importance which would otherwise be ignored; or suggests a better adaptation of facts. Religion at its rare best does both of these, according to Whitehead. But a great part of religion does neither. It fosters illusion and distorts and darkens discernment of fact. Nothing can ruin human life so completely as that upon which it must depend for its greatest good. For this reason religion is the most horrible of all evils. But the hope of the race rests with it. The religion of illusion, the religion of sugar and spice and all things nice, must be fought as we fight the White Plague in order that the religion which seeks fact at all cost may do its work. It is for this religion of fact that Whitehead is laboring. If we are to live securely and magnificently in this world (or any other) it can be only through adaptation to the most vitally important Fact. Only religion can help us in this, because it is only through religious experience that this Fact can come to our discernment.

This brings us to Whitehead's concept of God. God is the principle of concretion. The principle of concretion is that constitution of the universe by virtue of which everything that exists, say the flower in the crannied wall, involves in its existence the totality of all being. It is that structure of the universe which makes all things, such as the sunshine and the rain and the spiral nebulæ, and all the abstract forms, such as the infinity of whole numbers and the truth that two things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, all have some part in making the flower what it is. The principle of concretion is this make-up of the universe which draws all being into the constitution of each man, each dew-drop and each historic civilization. Some things bring all being much more richly to a focus than others. This is Whitehead's absolute and divine standard by which he measures value and progress. But all being, more or less, is organized in this fashion, about every blade of grass and baby's breath to make it what it is. Evil is that which disrupts this order and hinders the entrance of all being into any particular thing.

This basic order of the universe, properly designated God, is not the moral order, nor the conceptual, but the æsthetic, because only the æsthetic is the order of concreteness. The æsthetic order includes the moral and conceptual as abstract features of that total concrete whole which is constituted by the æsthetic order. To have an æsthetic experience is to apprehend that order in which many different features work together to produce a single, total cumulative effect—as the many sounds in a song or the lines and colors of a mountain. Hence, the æsthetic order is that order in which a great realm of being is compacted and focused in some particular event and object. Hence, it preëminently embodies the principle of concretion which is God.

On what grounds, if any, is Whitehead justified in identifying God with this principle of concretion? On good grounds, we believe. There are two tests of any concept of God. The first is this: Does the concept designate that something in all being upon which human life must depend, and to which humans must adjust, in order to attain the greatest possibilities of good and escape the greatest possibilities of evil? The principle of concretion meets this test.

The best life is that joy and mastery, that appreciation and efficiency, which reach their highest when one is adaptive and responsive to, and hence most fully brings to a focus, the widest and fullest range of all being. It is that life in which there is most sensitivity to the fullness of the world about us, most far-reaching adaptation to it, appreciation and understanding of it. Such a life is attainable only as we avail ourselves of that order of all being which sustains and promotes concretion as above defined. To this principle of concretion we must adjust ourselves, and it we must appropriate, if we would increasingly attain this best life and greatest good.

If we define God as love, the principle of concretion seems to state our meaning. For what is universal love, if it be not the ordering of all being in such a way that it can enter most fully into the existence of every particular thing? If God be the principle of concretion in the universe, then love is the fullest actualization in human life of the divine order, and the best adaptation man can make to that which is God. If we define God as beauty, the principle of concretion still holds good. For is not beauty precisely this entrance of all parts into each part? Harmony, rhythm, beautiful form, are these not just different ways of indicating the principle of concretion?

So we judge that if God be Beauty, if God be Love, if God be that which sustains and promotes the most abundant life of man, God must be the principle of concretion.

The second test of any concept of God is religious experience. An idea of God which does not correlate with religious experience is not genuine.

Religious experience bears the æsthetic character, according to Whitehead. It is that state in which we undergo a sensitivity to the concrete fullness of things, which in other states we ignore. It is wide awareness of that delicate, subtle, rich fullness of our interaction with environment, which does not ordinarily enter consciousness. But why do we become aware of it at these rare moments of religio-æsthetic experience? Because, Whitehead would seem to suggest, at these moments the cumulative working of many things is more finely ordered to produce a total effect, so that we become aware of a mass of experience with its pathos and beauty and tragedy and luring possibilities. And this order of things reveals God, because God is this principle of concretion. For example: "Mothers ponder many things in their hearts which their lips cannot express. These many things, which are thus known, constitute the ultimate religious evidence beyond which there is no appeal."

These "many things" constitute that rich concretion, that foeusing of much reality, which only the loving heart can discern when pondering over what has been seen and thought and felt and heard in relation to the beloved. Instead of using the word æsthetic to describe religious experience, he might have used the term love, although we do not think either is adequate.

Much has been made of Whitehead's statement that "religion is what a man does with his solitude." This is easily misunderstood. It does not mean that he considers religion anti-social. Rather, it only means that one must isolate oneself in order to digest what he has seen

* In view of the importance which the New Republic attaches to the ideas of Professor Whitehead, it has adopted the course, in the case of his new book, of publishing discussions of it, from very different points of view, by two different writers.—THE EDITORS.

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and heard and felt. In order to ponder these many things in the heart and gather up their larger significance and integrate more profoundly the meanings of the people with whom one associates and the culture of the day, one must be alone. One must, for the moment, be free from further social contacts in order to understand the deeper significance of the contacts one has already had. The strained posture, the quick movement, these and a thousand other fleeting impressions have a wealth of meaning if only we can catch it. And unless we do catch it, we can never enter into the deeper community with our fellows, and the principle of concretion cannot freely operate in our midst, nor become manifest to our discernment. It is for this reason that Whitehead claims the more profound religious experience must be a solitary achievement.

One word of criticism we offer, although we are in hearty accord with the substance of his thought. The word æsthetic has some very serious deficiencies as a term for designating religious experience. Chief among these is the fact that it does not readily connote the strenuous practical nature of religion, and above all that desperately experimental character which is expressed in the word faith. Religious experience brings men to a sense of unknown but awful ills, impending and possible, and also a sense of undeciphered but glorious goods, also possible. The religious behavior which issues from such experience is a tremendous striving to avert these ills and attain these goods. This striving must necessarily take the form of desperate experimentation—burning to death the one you love most or torturing your own mind and body until it is broken and crazed, or, as the technique of religious experimentation is perfected, the experimental adoption of certain mental attitudes by which one may hope to catch the lifting winds of God.

But our criticism is, we believe, a defense of Whitehead's thought as over against possible misinterpretation of his words. Above all we rejoice that a master of modern physical theory should declare that God is to be sought and found in the inherent structure of physical nature.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN.

THE reader naturally approaches any work by Professor Whitehead with respect. His thinking on the philosophy of Nature has had profound originality, and moreover he has discerned the low door to advance, the point where originality is peculiarly needed and where it can be pregnant with great things, namely, in the elementary terms, the categories of thought themselves. No innovations in theory in our time have undertaken to reach deeper than his. In the place of mechanical conceptions of nature and atomic units, he has carried into the inanimate world the biological idea of the organism. Science had turned towards Democritus, who conceived the whole world after the analogy of stocks and stones, and away from Aristotle, who conceived it after the analogy of animals and plants. Professor Whitehead, in this one respect, turns rather back towards Aristotle and away from Democritus. And instead of making bits of substance the units of things and describing events as the motion of these, he has made events the units, and described material objects as mere features of events. Therewith he tampers with the units of time and of space. Still further, he has had the courage to refuse the conclusion of physical science that color, sound, taste, smell, exist only as effects produced upon us by naked matter in motion, and to regard them as realities of nature. Lastly (and no part of his thought is more interesting) he equally refuses the inference that "good" and "bad" are mere subjective impressions of ours, and finds intrinsic values (of a fundamentally æsthetic order) in nature. These are but a few aspects of his originality. It is not yet clear (clearness is not Professor Whitehead's point of strength) how completely his formulas and his manner of working them grasp the facts and enable us to deal with them effectually; but it is clear that we have here an intellectual experiment of the first importance.

If the reader is therefore disposed to approach anything from his pen with respect, it cannot be said, on the other hand, that Professor Whitehead approaches his readers with respect. He is one of the worst living expositors of philosophy, though it is plain that he could be one of the best. He is capable of simple, lucid, graphic pages, and these we often have from him when he describes laboratory experiments and their meaning, or surveys history, science, religion, or daily life, or when he states or criticizes the philosophies of others. It is the more remarkable that, the moment he comes to his own philosophy, the weather changes, a fog descends, and distress-signals are heard from the explorers. This is not because of the intrinsic difficulty of his ideas. They are by no means peculiarly difficult; it is he who makes them difficult. Sometimes we discover in the midst of the obscurest paragraphs that what he is stating is familiar and obvious truth.

In the present book we have four parts. The first, second and fourth are composed of comments on religion itself as a force in life, which are often penetrating and of high value. The third contains the author's own philosophical grounding of religion. It is, of course, the most difficult portion, and it is also the least substantial.

Religion, according to the author, is essentially individual, not social; purely social stages do but prepare the way for a higher stage. Ritual was "repeated and elaborated for the sake of its attendant emotion, mankind became artists in ritual. It was a tremendous discovery—how to excite emotions for their own sake, apart from some imperious biological necessity. . . . Mankind was started upon its adventures of curiosity and of feeling." But "all collective emotions leave untouched the awful ultimate fact, which is the human being consciously alone with itself, for its own sake." "Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness." "Religion is force of belief cleansing the inmost parts." "Religion is the art and theory of the internal life of man so far as it depends upon the man himself and what is permanent in the nature of things." This, if not very exact as definition, suggests much truth in its positive import, but is surely too exclusive of other elements. At the basis of religion is a "direct intuition into the ultimate character of the universe."

Especially admirable are the remarks on the necessity and value both of dogma and of criticism, and on the relation of both to experience. "The dogmas of religion are the attempts to formulate in precise terms the truths disclosed in the religious experience of mankind. In exactly the same way the dogmas of physical science are the attempts to formulate in precise terms the truths disclosed in the sense-perception of mankind." "The real, practical problems of religion have never been adequately studied in the only way in which such problems can be studied, namely, in the school of experience." Since the true content of faith gains its meaning and its test from experience, it is deplorable that Professor Whitehead, despite the golden words of the last quotations, must needs carry the subject to the region of such a thin and dubious metaphysics as that of his Third Part.

In this metaphysic, he recognizes first of all something

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very like events, which he calls "occasions of actualization," which make up the actual world; then "those elements that go to its formation"—namely, something very like energy, which he calls "creativity," something very like abstract qualities, which he calls "forms," and something unlike anything in our experience or thought, which he calls "God." It cannot but be regretted that the sacred and vital term, central in religion, should thus be bandied about in the exigencies and straits of metaphysical speculation, and be attached in this case to an idea of such barren tenuity. That to which Mr. Whitehead applies the name is the entity, actual but not in time, which makes each event what it is. We cannot suppose, he urges, that the abstract possibilities fix or determine the course of this world, as though it were the only possible one. No, they are "boundless"; there could have been plenty of other worlds instead. We cannot suppose that the creativity determines it, for energy could take this form or that; "its character lacks determinateness." There must be an actual entity limiting the possibilities, determining what is to exist, and by its own character imposing order upon it, an entity which he has elsewhere identified with the "principle of concretion." This sounds for a moment deceptively like the old argument for a first cause or world-ground, but the idea is far different. It cannot be discussed here in its relation to religion, a relation which is unimportant, but only as a piece of thought. What is forced upon the cautious reader is the depressing want of solidity, not in the proof, for there is none, but in the conceptions themselves. None of the three "formative elements," creativity, forms and determining entity, has any existence or reality. Only the events have that. And the problem itself has none. Energy is only a convenient symbol attached to a present event, as a prophecy of the events that will in certain circumstances follow it. Qualities are convenient abstractions, and have being only in the concrete facts from which the mind has abstracted them. A determining entity, whose function is to "limit" the abstract possibilities so that a definite world emerges, is a word reigning supreme over words. We cannot explain why the whole system of things exists, because all explanation presupposes a system of things that exists. DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Crashing Thunder

Crashing Thunder: The Autobiography of an American Indian. Edited by Paul Radin. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 203 pages. $2.50.

CRASHING THUNDER has the double interest of an ethnographic document and an autobiography. As a document, I am incompetent to criticize it: but as an autobiography I can cheerfully vouch that it is unique. Here is the life of a Winnebago Indian, written, once his original reluctance was overcome, without spiritual misgivings, and without any effort to put on a good face or to save a bad one. It deals with a period and a place not very remote from Hamlin Garland's A Son of the Middle Border: but it shows the raw life of the West as it came upon an Indian who had received from his ancestors a heritage of beliefs and ceremonies which he was incapable of fully continuing and carrying on. The vanishing Indian met the pushing pioneer: the wreckage of a primitive culture met the offcasts of a sophisticated one. We know now how this continental conquest struck the pioneer, in action, and the sons of the pioneer, in reflection: in Crashing Thunder we have the Indian's laconic commentary on the process. Dr. Radin has incorporated Crashing Thunder's account of the old ceremonies and dances and legends with the narrative itself: they form the ancient cultural background to the sordid story of these latter days. Dr. Radin emphasizes that Crashing Thunder is not the ideal savage of Châteaubriand: true; but neither is he the full-fledged product of his own reality. He falls short not merely of the white man's spurious and romantic ideal: he falls short also of his own dynamic one. For all that, he is a man; and his narrative has that mixture of the childish and the mature, of the primitive and the intellectually sophisticated, which one gets only in simple but experienced people.

The annals of Crashing Thunder's life make an authentic and amusing document. It is the story, as Dr. Radin says, "of a man who passes successively from the rôle of a man about town to that of a pimp, a thief, a murderer and a coward, finally to develop into an excellent philosopher and something of a moralist." For complete candor, for unembroidered objectivity, for shrewd if limited analysis, it would be hard to beat. This is not the loose autistic thinking certain psychologists have tried to attribute to primitive people: it is as direct and matter-of-fact as Defoe. Crashing Thunder, liar and braggart, was free from self-dupery. At his war-bundle initiation he was made to fast and was told by his elders that he would have intercourse with spirits. He did not see them! He lied to his elders about it, because he wanted to eat: but he did not lie to himself. In the same simple, accurate manner he recounts his adventures with women, the teachings of his father, his life of drunken licentiousness, and finally, his conversion to the peyote cult—which is a belief at once in the efficacy of the peyote herb and the verities of godhead. The conversion makes him a settled, respectable citizen, a presumably faithful husband, and an acknowledged father.

Crashing Thunder's life is not a sad one; but its implications are depressing. Going on the warpath and achieving physical heroism must have been, at one stage of the Winnebago's existence, a deeply dramatic if not a necessitous act. In Crashing Thunder's generation, it led to nothing finer and more dramatic than an ignoble attack, four men against one, upon a lone Pottawattomie. The mere presence of the White Man's customs made all the old ways empty and ridiculous. The Indian who attempted to live out the patterns of his ancestor's culture was more pathetic than, and quite as ineffectual as, the alley-rat who tries to play Wild West: the life-drama had become a shabby make-believe. Crashing Thunder's account of his personal adventures becomes all the more poignant by contrast with the myth and legend of his tribe. Dr. Radin showed rare literary understanding by providing this underlying motive of contrast to the actions of the individual. Crashing Thunder was, literally, demoralized: when he recovered his grip upon life, it was no longer as, peculiarly, a Winnebago tribesman, but as a participant in a redemptive religion. Crashing Thunder's biography is by now a universal one; it must have its parallels in Asia, in Africa, in Greenland. Without in the least being conscious that he is doing so, Crashing Thunder shows the close union of the individual's life with that of the culture he shares, and he demonstrates how little remains to be salvaged when the basis of the culture has disappeared, and its realities have become only memories. Crashing Thunder found relief in the consolations of religion: it was the last gasp of hope before extinction.

Is this the first time that it ever occurred to an an-

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thropologist to look beyond the ceremony, the ritual, the implement, and to find the human being? Or is this the first time that, under suggestion, the Indian has consented to adopt a form of introspection so different from the boastings of his war-dance or from the lyricism of his poetry? I do not know. Dr. Radin must, however, be congratulated on the courage and the insight which have gone to the making of this book. To scholarly investigators who make a fetish of "objectivity" he has, I think, demonstrated the equal importance of subjectivity: for there is an inside and an outside to every life; and to ignore one, because it cannot be treated by the same methods as the other, is to put an undue premium on a narrow correctness which literally misses half the story.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Fleeting Soul

Animula Vagula, by Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 37 pages. $1.50.

THIS poet's faculty for self-inflicted torment, unlike that of Donne or other mind-teased ancients, shows a persistent division throughout. There is I, the audience; and I, the victim. The former's glee at the latter's predicament makes us feel a weakness in some of the poems: an emotion has been split lengthwise here as one splits the stem of a plant.

And no flower blooms on such a stem. Mr. Bacon has underscored his self-contempt to such an extent that we cease to be properly impressed. This applies to the sonnets in the volume. They miss by a hardness and a static quality that is out of place in the subtle, interrelated movement of the fourteen idea-lines. But of these, two come very near attaining that difficult balance between the colloquial and the magnificent which a modern sonnet must have. The first begins:

> The siege is over. And the walls are down
> In the dismantled city of the soul.

The other, XIX, seems to be its sequel; it, too, illustrates Mr. Bacon's sonnet virtues and vices:

> Here is my sword. Here are the city-keys.
> I yield. It was no spirited defense
> For which a conqueror pays a recompense
> Of praise to the conquered beaten to his knees.
> I bear no scars save those of the disease
> Of cowardice, dishonor, and pretense.
> And whoso trusted in my faith and sense
> Must find henceforth better supports than these.
>
> I might of course make things seem quite too bad
> By hinting at some hope, but lack the art
> Further to dissemble, or to play a part
> Even to myself, who am easily deceived.
> The liar and the coward and the cad
> Must say their say, and they must be believed.

In the other poems of the book, however, these difficulties vanish. In poem I, beginning, "This is the road to Hades. We go down;" in XIII, XX, XXII, all the stiffness is gone, and the line that would neither quite whip nor wave before, now has the motion of something organic. Mr. Bacon is one of the few poets now writing who can run a line over like a master, with a swing no more interrupted than anything has, as it turns on its own axis. A sharp, simple glory runs in:

> Gone are the enchanted horses
> And the women with wings.
> We are on our own resources
> With unheroic things.
> And that stings.
> Uncoils the Midgard Snake;
> Atlas lets fall the sky . . .

Mr. Bacon has qualities not found elsewhere in our age, unless we try very hard to link his small, sometimes Drydenesque manner, with Mr. Eliot's slightly larger, almost always Drydenesque manner. That cannot be done, finally, although there is much to encourage such a linkage. The poets differ, for all their smartness and their wilful academics and Tory trends, on the often fundamental point of feeling. Mr. Bacon misuses his at times; Mr. Eliot tries not to use his at all, and invokes elegance and dignity in its place. The rhetoric, the artificial grand manner, so effective in Mr. Eliot's verse, is not Mr. Bacon's most genuine talent. If he would write for a very few years in his best vein, we should have a modern to break lances with Eliot, and I, for one, would be on Mr. Bacon's side. When the moment comes that demands a complete attack of the first order, he is a really remarkable poet. There is perhaps only one such poem in this book. We must wait for more:

> Here I lie coiled
> In the swampy grass where the pink orchids are.
> Go slow, you with the eyes that seek a star.
> Watch where you tread.
> I am Death and am not dead.
> I am hidden and when I like
> May strike.
> And when at the time and place
> Up from the shadow I dart,
> You will suddenly start
> And terror will bleach your face
> And numbness sicken your heart.
> And my black eye shall brighten in the sun
> As the venom begins to stun.
> Turn from the star to the weed
> Where the orchids hang.
> Mine is a fearful fang.
> Take heed.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

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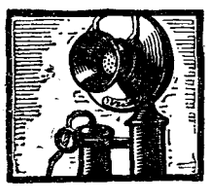

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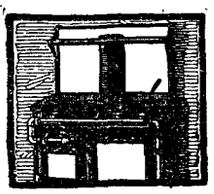

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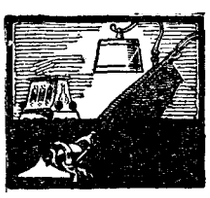

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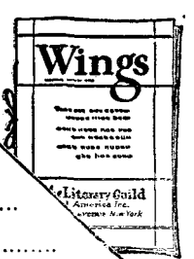

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